

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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THE PHONETIC DICTIONARY.

BY REV. D. D. WHEDON, D. D.

MR. NATHANIEL STORRS was a respectable and reflective school-teacher in that native paradise of schoolmasters, Yankee-land, or, inasmuch as that term is often expanded to embrace our whole nation, we may say, *pure and primeval* Yankee-land. Experience in his profession practically taught him, that our process of education was, in many respects, cruel and crushing, and much of its ruinous severity he traced to a single and, as he thought, removable cause. The inequalities of spelling, in our language, fill a large part of our urchin school-days with a most dry and overtaking *drill*. Now, drill, friends, is a metaphorical term. It is a term borrowed from the process of penetrating with the point of an iron crowbar, by patient, repeated strokes, a solid granite rock, till a hole is perforated deep enough to insert a charge of powder, for the purpose of blasting and blowing up, if possible, the entire granite ledge. Hence it is, with graphic truthfulness, applied to that process of most terrible *boring*—which none but a pedagogue and a pupil upon whom the *bore* is being inflicted can appreciate—by which our orthography is thrust into the puerile brain, which kindly nature meant to be unpenetrated, if not impenetrable, to so steel-like an assailant. The disaster, too, of the granite drill has often its sad parallel. Unlike most schoolmasters, Mr. Storrs accumulated a fortune, and at his death he left a bequest sufficient to meet the expense of publishing a large edition of a phonetic dictionary upon the best obtainable alphabetic scheme that could be found or invented. Such an alphabet, he conceived, would remove the perplexities of our present orthography; relieve the young pupil of the main pressure of his terrible task; lighten and brighten the process of childhood education;

cheapen and widen the extension of common school learning; and thus hasten the approaching but tardy wheels of that "good time coming."

Meantime the movement originated by Isaac Pitman was in process in England and America—or, rather, we may say double movement—of PHONOGRAPHY and PHONOTYPY. What these two terms signify has been amply explained in a late number of our Repository. We may say that the utility of phonography, as an unrivaled system of short-hand and reporting, is beyond question, since it is fast driving all other systems out of practice with professional reporters, and is, in fact, becoming fast adopted for private use by many literary ladies and gentlemen. But what we have now to deal with is the other thing—phonotypy. This undertakes to repair our present old rickety alphabet, by so abolishing some surplus letters, straightening some ambiguous ones, and creating some needed ones, as to make spelling exact, and so perfectly sure and easy. Our little chaps and tiny demoiselles are then to learn them with laughing eye and hearty stomach, and spirit cheery as the air of holidays. The rugged path of knowledge is to be rendered sunny and flowery, and the mount of science is to be all the way downhill. Phonotypy, then, first invented, as we have said, was making progress in some parts of our country. An alphabet, somewhat modified from Pitman's, has been adopted, claiming to be the American alphabet. Mr. Dan. S. Smalley, to whom the preparation of the projected dictionary was intrusted by the bequest, believing that he should thereby best fulfill the intention of Mr. Storrs, selected this American alphabet as nearest meeting the description expressed by the words of his will. Cincinnati, being considered by Mr. Smalley as the proper headquarters of the movement, was selected as the place of printing and publication. It now appears as a very handsome volume of

near eight hundred pages, by Longly Brothers. It is to be considered as a *manifesto*, asserting the permanent existence and purposed victory of the movement. It embodies the most formidable-looking rebellion against the Queen's English and the President's Yankee ever rallied.

We may, before making further remark upon this thing, premise that the editorial judgment of the movement, as a whole, is not flattering, having neither faith nor fear touching its future success. Time, saith the same proverb, is long, and there are a great many centuries perhaps ahead; and some centuries beyond our calculation our *great, great, etc., grandchildren* may use phonotypy; but we shall, before that time, be "taken from the evil to come." We shall die impenitent foggy, having all our life had a *u* in our quails and an *l* in our psalms; beginning our knife with a *k* and our congress with a *c*. An insurance of life till Mr. Smalley's dictionary becomes universal standard in orthography, we should esteem an elixir of immortality, infinitely surpassing Mr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla. It would be an editorial "O king, live forever!" Having said thus much, we may now proceed to say all the good things for the workers in the "reform" and against the evils they assail, which may suggest themselves to our fancy or benevolence. The old poetical catechism used to say, *poetically* (?)

"The cat doth play,  
And after slay."

Reversing Grimalkin's order, having done the slaying part of the operation, we may now proceed to the more congenial and, perhaps, funny part of the playing.

Prefixed to the dictionary is an introduction, very ably written and very much worth the perusal of every scholar, by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis. Mr. Ellis is to Mr. Pitman, in the so-called "spelling reform," what Melancthon was to Luther—a seconder, without whose regulating aid the scheme of the originator would very likely miscarry on his hands. When Charles Wesley, once having promised to furnish to his brother John a new piece of poetry on a certain subject, failed for want of the coming of an *idea*—"Pshaw!" quoth John, "poets are *always* maggoty!" In this last unsavory epithet John alluded to a peculiar theory of genius, which teaches that the head of a poet, like the body of an obsolete cheese, is thickly inhabited by the animalcula named; and that what the poet calls an *inspiration*—a *bright idea*, forsooth, is simply a maggot-bite! Now, inventors, as well as poets, are not a little animalcular. Hence the necessity of Mr. Ellis in the

case. Mr. Ellis was a gentleman of fortune, and he expended handsomely in behalf of the infant science; he was master of a good English style, and he gave the cause the advantage of some eloquence; he is an acute thinker, and the arguments he has published can not easily be strengthened, and, perhaps, not very easily answered.

The American alphabet Mr. Ellis thinks about as good as, in the present transition stage, can be attained. A page of the print, as exhibited in a number of Mr. Prosser's American Phonetic Journal, looks fair, though rather oddish to unaccustomed optics. Let the eye first run over the alphabet with proper skill, and in half an hour's time you can read easily and rapidly. In a few hours it is as easy as ordinary English type. Scanning the alphabet, you find that the main body of the letters consists of the ordinary characters, used with their most ordinary power. The Greek scholar now and then meets an old acquaintance; namely, certain spruce Hellenic gentry, figuring among the Anglo-Saxon crowd, undertaking to palm themselves off for natives among the Know-Nothings! Particularly there is the odd old Greek compound character for *ou*, *u*, evidently imagining himself to be a Yankee, perhaps from his strong resemblance to a pumpkin blossom. Then we have several of the old letters, with a hook or pig-tail comically appended. Yet to the scholar familiar with the typic pages of different languages in their own alphabets, there is nothing ungraceful in a page of this American phonetic type. It is just as agreeable, and far less uncouth, than the old Runic or Saxon, or than a page of italics or small caps. Any reader who allows the mere strangeness or newness of the appearance of the type to influence his opinions, should not pretend to have an *opinion*; for his narrow and hasty prejudices are not entitled to the name of an opinion. And when we reflect that these phonetic pages are expressed in an unequivocal alphabet and orthography, which would be acquirable by the merest child in a few hours, and by the poorest laborer at a trifling expense, and could be opened to foreign nations with unsurpassed facility, so as to render the English language a fair candidate for universal diffusion, one certainly can not help wishing that the great difficulty were mastered; that the system were completely adopted and in universal possession and use. Were it now a matter of simple choice between the two, no rational man could, for a moment, hesitate which to prefer. Between an arbitrary and contradictory orthography, and a rational and consistent one; between an orthography almost incapable of being

completely learned, and one not susceptible of misspelling after a few days' study and practice; between an orthography tedious and expensive as a matter of public education, and one that would diffuse education cheaply and spontaneously through the masses; between an orthography which makes our spoken language almost a sealed book to foreigners, and one that would make ours the simplest language in the world for all nations to learn, one may safely say no rational mind could long hesitate to choose.

Mr. Ellis, in his learned introduction, states the true *alphabet principle*; namely, that the *elemental parts*, that is, the *letters*, of a given word ought to form, when *combined* in the spelling, a *sum total* which will be unequivocally the *word itself*. This, in the primitive purity of our venerable linguistic mother, the Sanscrit, was the case. But time and revolutions have worked a sad *degeneration*. When our barbarian ancestors assumed the Latin alphabet without skill or fitness, orthography ran wild, and the confused intermingling of tribes, by emigrations and conquests, increased the confusion.

To the question which has been lately raised about the true way of spelling the name of Shakspeare, Mr. Ellis has hereby, without any particular intention, furnished perhaps the true answer:

"It was in such countries as France and England that the greatest confusion arose from the confusion of languages. In England the original Runic letters of the Anglo-Saxon were gradually disused, and their place supplied very imperfectly by Roman letters. With great variety of dialects there was necessarily a great variety of spelling. There came the Norman invasion with the introduction of a language already mixed, and rulers who were ignorant of Saxon. Hence arose a mixture of the languages and a confusion in spelling; for 'clerks' of Saxon origin wrote words half Saxon and half French, and others of Norman extraction puzzled over the Saxon words. At length, as the languages became thoroughly fused into English, and laymen learned to write, and tried their hands in spelling—principally their own names, however—all rule seemed to be broken through. The same words in the same page were written in different ways. People did not seem certain about their own name. The Percies, of Northumberland, contrived to write their name in fifteen different manners; Lord Burleigh did not know how to spell Lord Leicester's name, and for the matter of that Leicester himself had eight different ways to choose from." The inference might fairly be, that Shakspeare's name *had no particular right*

*way about it*. It was doubtless a somewhat warlike compound of the two words, *shake* and *spear*, just as the name of the only English pope that ever was elected—Nicholas Breakspear—was compounded of the simples, *break* and *spear*. Probably the mode in which the wearer of the name was accustomed, if he had any custom, to spell the *simples* would decide the mode of spelling the *compound*. All these facts afford poor comfort to the affectation of the ignoramuses who cant about the "Vandalism of abolishing the venerable orthography of Milton and Shakspeare;" just as if we used their orthography at the present day, or just as if they had an orthography! Mr. Ellis, moreover, does not aid their case a particle, when he shows that this "venerable orthography" was the work, not of authors, but of printer's proof-readers. It came not from the study, but from the shop. The ease of the *craft* required uniformity, and the proof-readers obeyed not copy, but printed by their own laws. The "venerable orthography" is not, then, a monument of past genius, nor a relic of the illustrious minds whose thoughts have been transmitted by it, but the barbarous botch of the pandemonium of their printer's imps and readers.

It was in this state of chaotic confusion when the genius of Johnson *found* and *fixed* it forever. The elemental disorder was too entire for even his great intellect, for one moment, to think of reducing it to system. Despair decided for conservatism. He determined to reform nothing, but conform every thing on a principle which would have been adopted by the thousands who have not his forcible mode of stating it. "To change all would be to change too much, and to change one is nothing." "Such defects are not errors in orthography, but *spots of barbarity*, impressed so deep in the English language that criticism can not wash them away." So think also our phonetic friends. They do not think the defects can be *washed away*, but *swept away*. They look not so much to purification as reconstruction. The task which Johnson declined they, in what they think a more favorable age and state of circumstances, bravely undertake. They believe that, however reasonable was his despair, now is a period of nobler hopes. We shall see—if we live long enough.

By Johnson's labors the whims and caprices of the various printing shops of England were indeed arrested, but forever perpetuated. Caprice became law, exceptions became rule, disorder became the order of the orthography of our language. We seem to remember having read in our urchin days, probably in the Arabian Nights,

the story of a living, busy city, all at once, at two seconds past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, by a potent enchanter's wand, transformed into instantaneous stone. Each one in the accidental attitude of that moment was petrified, not only into a *statue*, but in *statu quo*. The way in which Johnson's Dictionary came across the live city of Words was not much less sudden and awkward. It fixed an eternal accident. If some enchanter's wand, reversed, could revivify and bring to order, and *then* perpetuate, the great problem of our language would indeed be solved.

Mr. Ellis argues that our orthography is in all ways a *failure*. It is a *scientific failure*; for, regulated not by the fixed principles, characterized not by the exactness either attainable in the case, or requirable in a science, it forfeits the place and name of a science. It is a *practical failure*; for so arbitrary is the connection between the elements of a word and the pronunciation of the word, that it fails to be in practice what it should be, an easily acquirable and advantageous mode of making spoken language visible. It is a *moral failure*; for by substituting arbitrary authority for principle, it produces mental abjectness; and by substituting conventional in the place of real truth, it trains to absolute falsity. It is an *international failure*; for by interposing an insurmountable obstacle to the general acquirement by foreigners of our language, it cripples the ease of our commerce, it weakens and limits the predominance of our literature, influence, and moral control over the world. For this the *remedy is the restoration of an exact phonetic alphabet*. To all the objections derived from its strangeness, the inconveniences of change, ambiguity, mutability of pronunciation, and etymology, he returns a full answer.

Learned foreigners have remarked upon the apparent unconsciousness of the English, of the peculiar fitness of their language for becoming the universal medium of intercourse, and their consequent indifference to that object displayed in their neglect of cultivating a roundness of utterance, but more especially their retention of an impracticable orthography. But for this last cause English and American language and influence would probably soon pervade Christendom and the world.

In regard to our American articulation, it is probably much less diphthongal and round-voweled than the English. The great fault of the language is its over-consonantal character. We see this manifested in the most contemptible character of what few inflections we have. For plurals and genitives of nouns and singulars of

verbs, where the Greeks rolled out round diphthongs, as *oi*, *ou*, *oio*, *ei*, we have a hissing *s*, a buzzing *z*, or the everlasting *s* with a *z* sound—rather better at that than the obsolete *eth*—or a snuffling *n*. To correct the consonantal excess of our language, our vowels and diphthongs ought to be brought out with a rich Ionic roundness. The contrary is the tendency of our American articulation.

One of the most plausible objections to the abolition of our present orthography is drawn from its supposed power of preserving the etymology of words. On this point Mr. Ellis is brief but quite effective, especially in his reply to Mr. French.

But to test how far the value of our present orthography in preserving our etymology is worthy a boast, we may attempt to contribute a remark or two for the benefit of our phonetic friends. Take up any one word that comes—*congress*, if you please. How few so-called, classical scholars know—to trace it no farther than the elements familiar to their eyes—that the first syllable, *con* or *com*, is the same with the preposition, *cum*—*with*; and that this *cum* is the same with the Greek preposition, *syn* or *sym*! Thus the word *compassion*—*cum* and *pation*—is exactly the same word as *sympathy*—*sym* and *patho*—differently mutilated.

How few classical scholars know that our word *head* is derived from the Greek *kephale*! Striking off the terminal *ale*, we have the stem *keph*; same as the stem of the Latin *cap-ut*, *cap*. The Latin *caput* is, in its Dutch form, *kop*—German form, *haupt*—Saxon, *heofod*—modern English, *head*—all the same word.

We snatch up an English book, and the first Latin word we fall upon is *obscure*. Now, will the orthography, or will the ordinary training of our classical graduate, help us to its etymology? Ask him what is *ob*? and you will find he has never detected its identity with the Greek *epi*, and that *epi*, spite of the sameness of meaning, has been but dimly identified by him with the English *upon*. It is too much to ask him to trace *scure* to its Sanscrit root, for he is a Latin scholar only.

Now, any number of random selections will thus show that *the spelling* will not suggest the etymology without additionally *the telling*. And if the etymology has to be told, it may as well be told, and a little better, with a phonetic than unphonetic spelling. The phonetists spell *con* with a *k*—*kon*; and that is just as good a clew to the Greek *syn* as *con* is. It is just the way a Greek or a German would spell it.



We have just opened Mr. Smalley's Dictionary, and the first word we lighted upon was—fatherly, which is spelled, as nearly as we can type it—using a sign and two Greek letters—*fabēli*. Now, brother Jonathan thinks that *li*, for *ly terminal*, looks very “flat;” “and then look at the etymology.” Dear Jonathan, that *ly* is part of the word *like*, which is more nearly approximated by the *phonetic* than by the *phogy* orthography. Study German a little, Jonathan, and you will discover that the Teutonic is *faterlich*, more cognate unto which is Mr. Smalley's mode than your own. And then would you Greek it a little, you would find that Mr. Smalley's *li terminal*, for *like*, is a little nearer to its probable Greek cognate *αλσ* and terminal *αλς*—hence English *ic terminal*—than your *ly terminal* can claim. We might further suggest that the near approximation to the Latin and Greek *pater, father*, is with Mr. Smalley's rather than with Jonathan's spelling, which last is not at all benefited by the insertion of that *h absurd* in the middle.

Not to puzzle the brain any longer with the windings of words, we are fully of the opinion that a prosecution of experiments would show, that an exact alphabet would aid rather than obscure etymology. There is a process of analysis pursued in our schools of a very valuable character for the young pupil, founded upon the manuals of Town and M'Elligott, which conveys quite as much knowledge of the structure and philosophy of our language as the Greek and Latin course of our universities. Not that it is to be recommended as a substitute, but as an addition, most desirable in our early linguistic training. And now, while we fearlessly affirm that an exact phonetic alphabet—whether Mr. Smalley has it or not—will rather aid than obstruct in the processes of derivation and comparative philology beyond the limits of our language, we also add, that we are prepared to believe that an exact alphabet would rather aid than retard this process of an analysis within the structure of our language.

We are told by some who are high authority on the subject, that the alphabet here presented has been selected with a care, a patience and length of free discussion, and a thoughtful reference to points so likely to escape the attention of hasty critics, that no candid judge should pronounce hastily upon its merits. Rudimentally produced by the inventive genius of Isaac Pitman, it has undergone the criticisms and suggestions, the reductions and additions of a most genuine democratic discussion. It has required more creativeness and contrivance, more wire-

drawing and hair-splitting than would enter the most distant conception of the peremptory gentleman that imagines he can shiver its claims in the first five minutes, and make a better one in the second five. First, gentlemen who have never tried have no idea what critical things human vocalities are, and how difficult it is for our own ears to pronounce with an infinitesimal precision the precise quality of a sound, or the precise variance of two sounds; and when our own ear has come to an exact decision upon the product of our own organs, it is wonderful how different ears and different minds will not agree, and wonderful how much even our own ear will not, after a few months' experimentation, exactly agree with its own former decisions. Then, in the form and number of the letters, questions occur at every step—questions worth awaking at any rate, and deserving discussion in any liberal man's opinions. A new science seems to some to be opening its depths in this direction. Due regard must be had to the old alphabetic forms in order to render the new reading easy. Similarities of character for similarities of sound are desirable. Symmetry to the eye, ease of making, proper correspondence with a proper written text to match, are all desiderated. Then there is a debatable medium to be decided between a practical freedom and a metaphysical exactness. The printers' conveniences, of a nature wholly unknown to outsiders, must be implicitly obeyed. All these things, and more things than we wot of, have been taken into consideration in the settlement of this alphabet. It is open to universal criticism; but before passing a full judgment upon it as an exact and scientific alphabet, a mind desiring to be candid needs to be cautioned to see that *all the premises* have been completely taken into view. As it is now formed, it claims to be *settled*; and for the time being not open to change or contingency. Messrs. Longley, Prosser, and Pitman, and the American association in general, are pledged to fight the battle against the old orthography with this unchanged armor, for at least ten years—“a term full as long as the siege of old Troy.” By that time we suppose the heroes expect to see the turrets of old Pergamos beginning to topple!

There can be no doubt that vocality needs and deserves to be liberally and profoundly studied. The subject of a perfect alphabet has been considered a matter of elegant and scholar-like study by some of the most ingenious minds in former times. Let our phonetists go on and prosper. There is no knowing what may *not* result from it. Mountains do sometimes procreate mice, and

that is no way a wonderful event or product. But it is equally true, though both more rare and wonderful, as well as more encouraging to these our friends, that mice do sometimes gestate and engender mountains! Mice, we say, not in comparison with their fellows, but with their mountainous results. We earnestly recommend their labors to the attention of our thinkers and literati, especially of our colleges and universities.

### A CHAPTER UPON LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITERS.

IT would require an extraordinary power of discrimination to classify the varieties of letter-writing, and no less patience to inspect the specimens. But the most obtuse must be sometimes made aware of certain diversities of no rare occurrence.

Here are the *vacant* letter-writers. They luxuriate in wasting stationery and stamps, and are thus kept from doing worse. Their productions may be accounted harmless only just because of the exceedingly minute proportion of matter that is in them. Each note is a homeopathic drop, or globule, and nothing more.

There are the *stingy* ones. They never avail themselves of the post-office if they can avoid it, not even if a penny would gratify a correspondent, or get themselves credit for common civility. If you ask a question in writing, of one such, it will never be answered; and if, by dire necessity, he has to interrogate you through the intervention of a letter-carrier, his communication will come under an old envelop, turned inside out, with his own scarce name on the inside. Such morsels it is unpleasant to receive.

Then come the *fussy*. Their missives are frequent, too frequent, too exigent, and must necessarily be answered as quickly and categorically as possible, or "second of exchange" will come, to ask why "first" has not been acknowledged. They have to be handled quickly, but very coldly, or you get a bundle of them before you are aware.

*Begging* letters are notorious. They are the single sort that ought never to be answered, if the writer be unknown, or the handwriting suspicious. But they only come to the rich and the benevolent. Crabbed, churlly, impracticable people seldom get the like. A begging letter is therefore something of a compliment; and they who like such compliments are sure to get them, and sure to pay for them.

*Familiar* letter-writers are the most pleasant,

after all. Their pages are generally full of good humor and plain words. Trifles, of course, make up the sum of human things; and this kind of epistles in so much represents the tenor of ordinary household life, on which account it is eminently charming to the parties concerned, but not far beyond them. They are not meant to be printed. It is impossible for any man to escape them, ill-natured as he may be, so long as there is one soul in the world that cares for him. They stuff the bags from the seat of war. They are delivered in every street, and in every hamlet, if there be any delivery at all. They pour out by thousands every mail, under three-penny and ten-penny postages. No tax can be prohibitory on such charming messengers from kin to kin; and where is there a poor solitary woman whose husband is the other side the globe, that would not go from door to door to beg a three-penny for franking hers? No one can certainly say whether it is more pleasant to write such, or more pleasant to read them. These are the letters that we most quickly recognize and open first; and if not answered first, it is because the answers are to go by choice and free-will rather than any urgent necessity.

The best letters are not so numerous. They are not numerous enough. The best letter is one that comes close home to the heart, telling it of the best things, giving it the most faithful warnings and the best advice. Such a letter is never penned in spite. It is not crammed with drawling platitudes; nor thrown off with authority, as though the writer pronounced his wisdom *ex cathedra*—sitting in Moses' seat. It is not a something written that could not decently be spoken. It is cordial, warm, true, sterling, irresistible. Not every good man can write a good letter, even if he tries; and, perhaps, the harder he tries, the worse he does it. The execution is often inferior to the intention; but still the intention is good. Be thankful, therefore, when you get one addressed to yourself. Many a poor sinner has been brought to his senses by a letter of the kind; and the man that writes one is quite as worthy of immortal memory as if he had written a Pilgrim's Progress, or an Uncle Tom's Cabin.

*Anonymous* letters may be very good in some times and places. It was an anonymous letter that saved England from the Gunpowder treason and plot. They may be very good in about one time out of a million. But 999,999 of the million are almost sure to be beneath attention. You may read an anonymous letter twice, in condescension to the writer's modesty, if its con-

tents appear to be written in kindness, or to put you on **your** guard; but if they are bad or insignificant, burn the thing; never speak of it, never think of it again.

There is another sort of letters, quite proper to be written, but most cautiously to be answered. They belong to a correspondence that should be opened and concluded with the utmost prudence; and they who have conducted one such correspondence most wisely are best satisfied, and never desire to begin another.

In this world of material interests we must have *business* letters too. There is not an atom of genuine love to be picked out of one in a thousand of these necessary documents. It is a trade to write them. Good penmanship and correct arithmetic qualify the writer. Good nibs, a free hand, light paper, and prompt attention. They are to the progress of temporal affairs, what well-wrought iron is for a railway: like rails and sleepers, they are needed that things may be kept going; but, like the cold, unyielding iron, they have no bright color, no fragrance, no beauty, except what is mechanical. Yet they must come, and they must go. Take care of them both ways.

*Diplomatic* letters are models of worldly wisdom. They never contain a superfluous word beyond what occasion may require, the purest grammar, the most exact courtesy, the most imperturbable temper, the keenest foresight, the most sapient ignorance, exquisite management, opportune reserve, silence that speaks, words that speak not: a cipher that seems legible to any man, but is understood only by those who are versed in the dialect of state—the hierophants of cabinets. Yet sometimes they are masterpieces of statesmanship, and rank worthily among the best-written records of the world's history. Most of them read best when they are old.

## THE POPE ANSWERING A LETTER.

**W**E have above given a short chapter upon letters and letter-writing. Many a poor wight has become involved in a correspondence which he found equally difficult to carry on or stop.

One specimen will serve to show how correspondence is dealt with by one who holds himself superior to all mankind, and above common morality, common equity, and common sense.

We will now illustrate, by a well-known instance, the Papal method of stopping unwelcome correspondence.

After several centuries of trial, the advocates of a notion that the Virgin Mary was conceived and born without sin, found an opportunity to get that notion declared an article of faith. The Jesuits took up the project warmly; the present Pope—governed by the Jesuits at all times, and now the more willingly serving them as he entertained the same desire as they—had sent letters to all the Romish bishops in the world, to engage their votes in favor of the new doctrine, and received satisfactory replies for a considerable number. But even the Pope can not always obtain answers to his letters: not a few of the prelates were silent. Pius IX determined, notwithstanding, to settle the matter in conjunction with his party; and to that end summoned a meeting of bishops favorable to the scheme to a meeting in Rome in the month of November, 1854.

While this was going on, several priests in France felt exceedingly dissatisfied, and appointed one of their number, the Abbe Laborde, to go to Rome at the same time, and, either in person or by some other means, remonstrate with the Pope and his party, and endeavor to dissuade them from declaring it obligatory on every one to believe what was manifestly incredible to the apprehension of all who thought seriously on the subject. M. Laborde set out from Paris, accordingly, and arrived in Rome just four days before the meeting of bishops, convoked to declare that the Virgin Mary was quite as free from sin in her birth as the Lord Jesus Christ himself.

As soon as the remonstrant abbe saw that the episcopal assemblies had commenced, he drew up a petition to the Pope, requesting to be heard, and, having no shadow of hope of gaining admission to his presence, signed it, folded it up, put it under cover, and dropped it into the letter-box at the post-office. It began thus: "To our Holy Father the Pope, Pius IX, and the Bishops assembled. M. the Abbe Laborde, in his own name, and in the name of many priests and faithful Catholics at Paris, requests to be admitted, in order to unfold and prove the following *theses*, in opposition to the proposed definition of a new dogma of faith, of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin." The letters consisted of nineteen *theses*, or statements of opinion, all contrary to the new doctrine, yet written in very respectful language, with exact adherence to the usual forms of courtesy, as was to be expected in such a document. The reasons assigned by the writer for demurring to the expected declaration of the assembled prelates were very strong; and the letter closed with his request to be admitted at a convenient time to develop the arti-

cles, and present his proofs. Lastly, it had his name and address, all written with his own hand, and signed, "in Rome, at the Hotel Minerva, 22d November, 1854." Consequently, he could not be hidden, and the Pope knew where to make sure of him at any moment.

In due time the letter came to the Pope's own hand; and no doubt he read it very attentively, and called for his advisers to tell him what he ought to do. Counsel was not precipitated, but the matter was allowed to stand over four days before the answer to Laborde's letter was returned. If that letter had contained an ode in praise of the "immaculate conception," the writer would have been welcomed with every demonstration of respect. He would have had permission to kiss the slipper; and would have been sure of a miter, and perhaps a red hat. But he happened to be of another way of thinking; and although license is usually given to some one to maintain the opposite, on occasions of deliberation, no such license could be given to Laborde, simply because he was known to be in earnest, and therefore very different from the opponent in ceremony, who is quite another person from the opponent in earnest. To such a person's letter it was not thought right to send a formal answer, either by letter or by word of mouth; nor yet safe to leave him without some answer.

Accordingly, a messenger was dispatched to him by the gentle Pius IX, with "a secret order to leave Rome as soon as possible." An ordinary messenger could not be trusted; and therefore Signor Ternassi, a Canon, Secretary-General of the Cardinal-Vicar, was bearer of the message from the Pope himself to the abbe. The abbe, however, did not choose to obey a secret order, delivered by word of mouth, without a line of black and white to show for it. He therefore kept quietly in his lodgings at the hotel of Minerva, where, two days later, the "Lieutenant of the Police of Conscience" arrived in his apartment, by order of the Cardinal-Vicar, that is to say, the Governor of Rome, with agents and witnesses, to search his apartments and seize his papers. All that they could find of papers, books, and manuscripts, they laid hold of and carried away. The abbe remonstrated, of course; and, of course, his remonstrance was of no avail. "Next day," says the abbe, "I received a notice to deliver myself immediately to the criminal tribunal of the Inquisition." This, however, seems to be a mistake. We have no knowledge of any such tribunal belonging to the Inquisition; nor would the inquisitors act thus in defense of a dogma not yet made binding. The abbe has

been politely asked for information on this point, but has not given any answer to the inquiry, and therefore we suppose that he has no explanation to give.\* There was no mistake, however, in what followed; for, after much discourse between himself and the officials, the abbe found himself a prisoner. "A soldier, disguised as a civilian, came to arrest me in my apartment. He told me to prepare my portmanteau: I did so. In coming down stairs, he demanded the key of my apartment, which I had locked: I gave it to him. I carried my cane and my umbrella. The hall of the hotel was full of people. These were so many witnesses of my departure; and my jailer placed the key of my chamber in a desk, advising me to deliver my luggage to the person who should come instead of him to take it. I was conducted to an office of the police to wait for a carriage. When it was ready, I mounted, in company with a *gendarme*. He also was dressed as a civilian.

"We did not arrive at Civita-Vecchia till eight o'clock, because of the inclement weather. It was ten o'clock when we passed through the place. All the bells of the town blended their chimes in harmony, and artillery thundered forth the announcement of the hour of the ceremony [of proclaiming the immaculate conception.] I was conducted, in view of the people, first to the police; then, passing again through the multitude, the *gendarme* and an agent of Civita, carrying in their hand an open order, conveyed me to the harbor. Midway they hailed a boat: in which they placed my effects, and then myself. This boat brought me along side the *S. Pietro*, a pontifical brig lying in harbor. It was at this moment gorgeously decked out, and all the colors floated in the breeze.

"I was then consigned as a prisoner in this vessel; Providence, without doubt, willing it that my presence should be there to the last, as an authentic protest. Less favored than was St. Paul, when a captive in pagan Rome, I continued in this floating prison four entire days, without being able to set foot on shore, not even to go with a guard to hear mass on the day of the conception, and the Sunday following. The *Capri*, which was to convey me to Marseilles, arrived on Tuesday morning, 12th December, to start again at four o'clock. At a quarter to four the Commissary of Police came, in full dress, to take me in a boat; and transferred me, in view of all the passengers, to the Neapolitan vessel, whereupon I at length regained my liberty."

\* Since writing this article we observe that he is dead. Yes. Destitute, *deranged*, they say, in a hospital in Paris!



Thus unwelcome letters are answered at Rome; and who can say that such answers are not intelligible, even to the meanest capacity? But correspondence with Rome, whether private or public, friendly or diplomatic, is by all means to be avoided; and no American can be trusted who attempts it.

### THE PAUPER'S CHILD.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

O BLEAK were the hills, and the cold winds were sweeping  
Their cloud-shadowed sides with a desolate moan,  
While a poor little wanderer, barefoot and weeping,  
Was treading their frostbitten footpaths alone.

His father and mother were sleeping together,  
Where over their bosoms the dark clouds were piled;

Untroubled they slept, though the sear mountain heather  
Was wet by the tears of their shelterless child.

The birches and beeches their bare limbs were flinging

Aloft to the winter skies, somber and gray;  
The drear winds of winter sad anthems were singing,

• Yet still the young wanderer held on his way.

The sweet-scented cedars, and dark pines before him,

Were sighing and sobbing as swept by the blast;

The tall hemlock sighed as its branches waved o'er him,

As over crisp mosses his bleeding feet passed.

His blood stained the mosses—his tears gemmed the heather—

His brown hair streamed out on the winter winds wild;

But low in their pauper's grave, sleeping together,  
His father and mother dreamed not of their child.

The darkness of night settled down on the mountain;

The feathery snow began slowly to fall;  
The frost-king was chaining both river and fountain,  
And fitting the earth for its beautiful pall.

The little one stumbled; his sore feet were weary;  
Their desolate march through the desert was o'er.  
His couch was a hard one, his chamber was dreary,  
But over the mountains he wandered no more.

The spirit-like snow-flakes came softly around him,  
And gently they covered the sleeper forlorn.  
Thus pitying nature a winding-sheet found him,  
And buried him deep ere the light of the morn.

O thou whose full coffers are still overflowing;  
Whose home is a palace, whose revenue sure;  
In the world to which paupers and princes are going,  
Beware that thou meet not the curse of the poor!

### THE PLACE OF GRAVES.

BY HARRIET E. BENEDICT.

THE sunlight lieth, calm and still,  
'Mid shadows, on the wood-crowned hill,  
And shineth with a softened gleam,  
On the bright bosom of the stream.  
Yet falling through the quiet air,  
Clearest and holiest resteth there.

Still, through the long, bright summer day  
The streamlet rippled on its way;  
Still chants the wild-bird, sweet and clear,  
A song unheard by mortal ear;  
Around each gray and mossy stone,  
Green hath the clinging ivy grown;  
And wild flowers bloom, and dews are shed,  
At even, o'er the sleeping dead.

The name upon this tombstone traced,  
The hand of time hath half effaced;  
Wild roses in the breezes wave,  
That bloom o'er many a nameless grave;  
Long years have passed since mourner's tread  
Was heard beside this grassy bed;  
Yet sweetly, though with name unknown,  
Resteth the slumberer here alone.

And calmly thus the golden day  
From vale and hill will fade away;  
Still even will around earth fling  
The shadow of her sable wing,  
And from the dark, blue midnight sky  
Will look full many an angel eye,  
When I, within my silent bed,  
Shall sleep, forgotten, with the dead.

Forgotten? Shall indeed my name  
No more a fond remembrance claim,  
When rolling years have swiftly sped  
Their flight, unheeded, o'er my head?  
Sad heart! why sigh to rest alone,  
All unremembered and unknown?  
The grave's dark fetters can not bind,  
In its lone depths the immortal mind.

### A GOOD WORK.

BY J. S. HARDY.

"Let her alone; she hath wrought a good work on me."—  
MARK XIV, 6.

UPON his head, that sacred head, she pour'd  
Ointment of spikenard's very precious store,  
Memorial of her love for evermore;  
Anointing thus beforehand her dear Lord,  
E'en for his burial; who approving spake,  
And bless'd the deed that show'd her grateful love.  
The envious tongue malignant did reprove,  
And scorn'd the act; but 'twas her Savior's sake  
That prompted her the costly balm to pour.  
O! that our love like hers might ardent flow,  
That spared not price its gratitude to show!  
She felt she owed him much; O! blessed hour  
That led her bending to Immanuel's feet,  
Bedewing them with tears, and balsam sweet.

## JARED'S WIFE.

BY ALICE CARY.

MRS. DONALSON had always done what duty seemed to demand—cheerfully, hopefully, for the most part—in impatience and fretfulness sometimes. She believed in her heart she had done all she could do toward bringing up her family in comfort and respectability, and if she could have felt that half her powers for good had been unused, and half her talent had rusted undeveloped, she would have been greatly more wretched as she sat rocking before the dying embers on the night our story begins. As it was, she was wretched enough, poor woman, and all her house was filled with her moanings and murmurs.

"O what will become of us! what will become of us!" she cried over and over, wringing her hands and hiding her eyes from her daughter Cynthia, who had looked always to her mother for comfort and counsel. She could no longer look there now—the clouds of affliction were gathering so darkly about that mother that she no longer saw her own way. Three children had been carried to the silent grave in the three last years, and now the good, hard-working husband and father was gone after them, and it was a bitterer thought to the widow as she listened to the storm, that it beat on her husband's grave, than that it drove through her own roof.

There was but one gleam of light—that she had nothing to reproach herself with. It was well for her, and it is well for us all, perhaps, that we do not know our many short-comings. Before most of us I am afraid our life would stretch almost like a blanket, so little of it do we fill up rightly and well. Mrs. Donalson was not a bad woman—not a worthless woman, by any means; but she had taken fortune as it came, never seeking to *make* fortune for herself, scarcely ever to mend it.

James Donalson, on whose turfless mound the rain was falling, had done all the thinking for his wife as long as he lived; he had worked for her as long as he lived, and as long as he lived she had leaned upon him right heavily. There was nothing to lean on now, for James was resting from his labors—three mounds of different lengths on one side of him, and a patch of wet, tangly weeds on the other—an uninviting spot enough, but one to which Mrs. Donalson said she was quite ready to go.

"O don't, mother! O don't!" was all Cynthia could say at first, for she was crying too, and needing comfort as much as the mother. One

after another death had taken her two brave-hearted brothers and her dear little sister, and now the father was gone—he to whom all had looked and on whom all had relied.

One bright-eyed little boy was left—on either cheek a tear had lodged and stood ready to fall, his hands moved restlessly, and wonder, and sorrow, and a great fear all contended together in his round, rosy face. One little streak of unsteady light shone out across the hearth, and into that little Leonard had crept, not so much for the warmth, though he stretched his bare feet toward the flame, as to get out of the shadow, for darkness seemed to him twice as dark as it had ever seemed to him before.

He was crying, not more for his good father, whom he had been told he should never see any more, than in sympathy with his mother and sister. All was so strange to him, so fearful, he knew not what to do but cry. Now and then he would look up, hoping, perhaps, that mother or sister would smile; but when he saw the strange, unnatural look that was in their faces, he wished it was morning, as he had never, till then, wished for the morning.

The rain fell, and fell on the roof, and against the window, and pattered down the chimney among the ashes, and into the little red flame that was trying its best to warm Lenny's bare feet, but struggled and fluttered, grew pale and fell, and never got up again. Then Lenny began to sob aloud and say, "How dark it is! and when will it be morning?"

Poor Cynthia could not sit still in the dark and hear him moan so, and taking him on her knee she shut his eyelids down with her fingers, and told him if he would go to sleep it would be all light and sunshine when he awoke. But Lenny could not go to sleep at once—he wished it was sunshine then, and that his mother were making the tea, or toasting the bread, or doing any thing but sitting idly in the dark. Cynthia could not make the sun shine, but she could make it more cheerful with candlelight; and when the little flame was aglow it not only filled the room and dried the tears on Lenny's face, but also cheered a very little her own heart; for it is a strange truth, that whatever good we do another blesses us even more than the good we receive from others. So when Cynthia had lighted the candle to please poor Lenny, her own heart was lighted somewhat, and she told him a sorrowful story of a pet bird that sung all one summer while she spun, and died when the frost came and the flowers died; and in his sorrow for the bird Lenny forgot, for a moment, the strange bed

they had put his father in, and in that moment, tired as he was in heart and head, he fell asleep on his sister's bosom.

When his bed was spread soft and warm, and he lay in it fast asleep, there came a quiet over the turbulence that had made the world one gloomy confusion, and Cynthia began to think of the morrow; and when the mother cried, "What shall we do!" she answered, "What *can* we do!"

"If we owned the house and the pasture field, with the cattle and sheep that are in it," said Mrs. Donalson, "we might have some courage to try to live—if we even owned the house and the garden, or the house alone—but as it is—O Cynthia, Cynthia, there is nothing for us but to die!"

"It is all lost time," said Cynthia, "to think of what we might do if we owned the pasture and the cattle—we don't own them, nor any thing else, so let us make plans to suit things as they are."

But still the poor widow wrung her hands and said there was nothing for which to make a plan. "Are not my two darling boys and my dear husband all gone from me, and my pretty baby, too? What is there in life to care about?"

Cynthia said nothing of herself, but she pointed to Lenny in the cradle, and asked if he were not worth trying to live for.

The stricken mother did not uncover her eyes for one look at the dear little sleeper, but moaned and lamented all the same for those who would never wake from their sleeping.

It was a long and miserable night to Cynthia—the longest she had ever seen in her life; and whether she looked from the window into the darkness and the rain, or whether she sat at the cold hearth beside her mother, was all as one, desolate, desolate.

Before the sun had made his fire she had made hers, and went about her tasks with an assumption of courage that she did not feel. Directly Lenny climbed out of the cradle and ran to the fireside, for the rain had done and the morning was breaking clear and frosty. And the blaze was grateful to the child's feet. If he had had shoes the mother would have put them on; but he had none, and she sat still, thinking of all the rich folks she knew who might give Lenny shoes and never miss the money.

"If such or such a one would assist us a little, we might have some courage to begin anew," she said to all the simple suggestions Cynthia could make with reference to helping themselves. And while the poor woman sat crying and saying she could do nothing, there came a hard knocking at the door, and Mr. Boardman, the

man who held the mortgage on the house and ground where the widow lived, came in. Time and again he had lent a helping hand to the poor family in the hope they would help themselves; but notes had been renewed till he was tired of renewing, and all Mr. Donalson had left in the world would not much more than half pay the debt owing to him. He was a man of great industry and energy, who, beginning with little, had accumulated a good deal, notwithstanding many adverse circumstances, and it was quite natural he should think the same efforts in others would be productive of the same results—quite natural that he should contrast the listless hands of Mrs. Donalson with the busy ones of his wife. There was a little cheerful light in his resolute face, at first, that gradually lessened and went out as the widow refused to take hold of any of the proposals he made whereby she might help herself. True, they were not munificent, but, on the whole, they were liberal; and if they had been greatly less so, under the circumstances, it was the best Mrs. Donalson could do to avail herself of them.

But it was not her nature to do the best thing that could be done under the circumstances, but vaguely to imagine better things and better circumstances.

"Well," said Mr. Boardman, at last, "I will give you a day or two to consider what I have said, but I have done the best I can do—more than duty to my own family warrants." And so the interview, most unsatisfactory to both parties, concluded.

"How selfish rich people are!" thought Mrs. Donalson. "I suppose he did not see poor Lenny's bare feet, and think how easy it would be for him to give a pair of shoes—poor, dear Lenny! he is just as good as any body's child, and deserves shoes just as much. I suppose Mr. Boardman will turn us out of house and home next."

While the rich man remained Cynthia sat trembling in the obscurest corner of the room, wishing she could say or do something to make things better. If Mr. Boardman would address himself to her she might venture to say something, but as it was, how could she? So, fearful and trembling, she saw him go away without having noticed her at all, and she knew very well by the severe expression in his face that he had no intention of giving Lenny a pair of shoes, and, furthermore, that he would not renew the offer already made. "Dear mother," she said, "let us try to do something for ourselves, and never mind Mr. Boardman."

But the mother replied that she had been trying all her life, and that now she was growing old and had neither energy nor hope to do for herself, and she supposed her rich neighbors would see her starve to death before they would give her one cent. Then she went back to the time when she and Mrs. Boardman were girls, and equal in position and hope—how they had married, one as well as the other, and settled on adjoining farms, one as large as the other; and then she related how one thing after another, and every thing had gone against themselves and in favor of the Boardmans, and for no fault and no want of effort on their own part. No matter what the Boardmans did, it was fortunate; and no matter what themselves did, it was unfortunate. Money seemed to flow right into the laps of the Boardmans, and they had as many friends as they wanted all the time. "Mrs. Boardman could visit," she said, "and ride about in her carriage, while she staid at home hard at work; and Mrs. Boardman's children could be finely dressed and educated, while hers suffered every hardship and privation, and died, at last, poor, poor children—what could she do but cry! And then to think that, in the deepest affliction of all, Mr. Boardman, prosperous and fortunate as he was, should come to take the very roof off from her head and bread out of her mouth! O it was all too bad! More than once, in their dealings, Mr. Boardman had taken undue advantage of poor James," she said, and with a sort of morbid pleasure she recalled all these injuries, and exaggerated them into terrible and premeditated wrongs that would meet retribution if there were any justice in heaven. And it was the conclusion of Mrs. Donalson that there was no justice, even in heaven, for her, but that God and man were against her.

There came to the heart of Cynthia an uncertain apprehension that God is against us when we are against ourselves, but it would have seemed cruel to speak it; and then it seemed, too, that there was a great deal of truth in what her mother said. She had seen Jared Boardman two or three times since he came from college, and he did not appear to know her—she supposed probably he did not, though she knew him well enough.

The best she could do, then, was to sympathize with her parent, hope a little almost against certainty, and wait.

Day after day went by—the wood disappeared from the door, and the meat and flour from the cupboard, and the little hope Cynthia had at first went out, and the waiting for better things was

done, and the watching for worse things had at last come.

The frost glistened all day in the shade at the door, and the wind drove all day against the broken windows, making the house very cold.

Cynthia cared little for herself, but her dear mother was sick, and all she could do she could not keep her warm enough. It was not long she had the wretched effort to make; the hands of the bereaved woman were tired and her heart was broken, and not unwillingly she went where there was no need of warmth. But to turn back a leaf. While she had been recalling the hardships and baffled endeavors of her past life, and enumerating the grievous wrongs the fortunate and hard Mr. Boardman had done her poor, kind, and most unfortunate husband, he sat by his comfortable fire, comfortably clad, feeling that he had earned it all by honest industry and prudent foresight, and deserved it all, though he was humbly thankful, he trusted. He trusted this; but he did not look very deeply into his heart to see whether he were really so or not—whether, indeed, he did not take all the credit to himself, and give all the thanks to himself.

"What has prevented the Donalsons from doing as well as we?" he asked his wife as she sat sewing beside him, just as fast and as earnestly as she had done when they were poor and beginning life.

"Sure enough," replied the busy woman, "we have given them chances time and again, if they had been disposed to exert themselves, and no body ever helped us in any way." And she went on to say that the Donalsons and themselves began on even ground—in fact, she believed what advantage there was, was in favor of the Donalsons; but instead of going forward, as they might have done, they had gone steadily down and down—they themselves had reared respectably a family of children, while their neighbors' children had cost them very little money. They did not take into account how much the deaths of three of them had weakened their parents' hands.

They were sure they had been as forbearing as any body would be, and they had done as much as any body would do—more than they could afford to do in justice to themselves.

A hundred favors they could call to mind which they had done the Donalsons for every one received from them—in truth, they could not remember one which had really given them any substantial assistance.

Mrs. Donalson had come sometimes when Mrs. Boardman was sick, but what of that! it was no



more than any neighbor would do. Mrs. Boardman did not remember that Mrs. Donalson had sometimes worked in her house, and watched at her bedside two or three days at once, neglecting her own interests and her own family. She could remember very distinctly, however, when her husband had said to Mr. Donalson, "You need not trouble yourself to pay me for the odd bushels in the lot of apples you have taken," and that Mr. Donalson never did trouble himself—and further she remembered, when Mr. Boardman had sold his neighbor flour at half price, and received that half in days' works that did not seem to come to any thing, and she remembered a good many little presents she had made Mrs. Donalson and her children one time and another—not of any great value to be sure, yet more than Mrs. Donalson or any one else had ever given to her. Once or twice Mrs. Donalson might have done a little nice needle-work for her—she believed she had, but she could hardly remember what it was, and she knew it was of no value. Probably Mrs. Donalson would have remembered just what work she did, and have placed a very different estimate upon it.

But Mrs. Boardman did not feel inclined, just then, to ask for any information of her neighbor; she was rather disposed to think she never would be so inclined; and the more of their past intercourse she recalled the longer grew the list of great debts which the Donalsons owed them, and were likely to owe, and the harder grew the little hard feelings which had been engendered from time to time; and finally she concluded she wished never in her life to see the face of a Donalson again.

When Mr. Boardman related how listlessly the widow had listened to the offers he had made her, she said she was glad they were not accepted, and much good would it do Mrs. Donalson when she received another such offer. And snapping off her thread, Mrs. Boardman began picking out the stitches from the piece of work she was doing as vigorously as she had put them in; for in her unfortunate mood she had spoiled it all. The following day, when she heard Mrs. Donalson was sick, she said Mrs. Donalson was always sick, but that she supposed she must go to see her, and she would do so as soon as she could get time. Day after day went by and still Mrs. Boardman kept too busy to make the proposed visit—"she supposed her neighbor was better," she said, "or she should hear of it."

When the news came that Mrs. Donalson was dead her conscience began to smite her, and she recalled a good many good turns received at the

hands of her neighbor that had been lost among hard feelings for a long time. She really wished she had gone to see her poor friend before she died, and by wishing so she quieted her conscience so far that she did not feel it necessary to visit the orphans. There would be some way for them, she hoped, but she was sure they could not afford to do for them any longer. She was sure they might stay in the old house in welcome for aught she would care, if it would serve them to stay there, but she did not see as it would; and then the place must be repaired for Jared, who was soon to marry a fine lady, and must needs have a decent house to live in. It would be unnatural in them, she was sure, to cast off their own children for other people's.

The wind kept tapping and tapping at the sash to let Mrs. Boardman know how cold it was without, but she took no note of it; and the snow kept falling and falling as white as white could be, to let her see how pure a thing charity was; but she thought only of the warm shawls her girls needed, and of the splendid furs worn by Jared's wife, as she had heard.

"I must go to-morrow and tell the young woman she must vacate the house by a specified time," said Mr. Boardman. "It's an unpleasant task—I wish it were done, but there is no other way—of course the young woman will never think of the necessity of exerting herself, for no doubt she is less energetic than her mother, if that were possible."

"O, of course," said Mrs. Boardman, "how should she have any foresight—probably she expects bread and meat to rain out of heaven into her lap, and I don't know any school but experience in which such folks will learn!" And she concluded by saying the Donalson children were no better than her children; and if her husband was foolish enough to give up the old house to them, why Jared and his wife could live in the barn, she supposed.

Mr. Boardman replied that he had no intention of giving up the house—under the circumstances he could not if he would—he was sure no body except the young woman would have the presumption to ask it of him; did not she know how deeply her father was indebted to him, and that farm, cattle, house, and household furniture would not remunerate him! If the young woman did know it she did not care—she had been so used to favors she received them as matters of course.

"True, she is badly off, we grant that," said Mrs. Boardman, "but then she must make the best of bad—that is all the way I know. If it

were not for her little brother she would be as well off as many another young woman," and she concluded it was almost a pity he had not gone with his mother.

"I will go to-morrow," said Mr. Boardman, "and tell the young woman she will have to provide for herself in some way, and that right speedily—there is no use in waiting."

"No use at all," replied Mrs. Boardman; "in fact I don't see why you put it off till to-morrow; the sooner you have done with an unpleasant thing the better."

"What do you think about it, my son?" asked Mr. Boardman, turning to Jared, who sat in the corner reading a romantic story.

"Think about what?" asked he, without looking up. He had heard nothing that had been said.

"The young woman is not as well looking as her mother was," suggested Mrs. Boardman, by way of keeping up her husband's resolution, for he had risen from the warm fireside and was putting on his coat.

"How the wind does blow!" she continued, turning her head toward the door, and she added, after a moment, "I never knew it to shake things so; see, Jared, what is the matter?" but Jared read on, caring little about the wind—so interested in his book that he did not hear his mother speak.

Mr. Boardman had adjusted the last button and now opened the door himself, and drew back in surprise on seeing there a strange woman.

The snow was white on her hood and white on her shawl, and her hands looked very red and cold as she stepped into the light. "Why, bless my heart, Cynthia, if it is not you!" exclaimed Mrs. Boardman, putting down her work and going forward to meet the girl. And as she shook hands she added, "It's been so long since I saw you I hardly know you." But the truth was Cynthia had a fairer face than she supposed, and the hood she wore and the arrangement of her hair were especially becoming.

"This is Cynthia Donalson," she said, turning to her husband; but she did not say, "This is my husband," nor, "This is my son Jared," nor any thing further. Jared arose, however, and offered her the warm seat in the corner. She declined, and accepted a chair offered by Mr. Boardman in a darker and less comfortable position.

"You should have brought little Lenny," said Mrs. Boardman, offering to relieve Cynthia of her shawl and hood.

Cynthia turned her face aside for a moment,

and replied in a voice that she could not make quite steady, that Lenny was gone away to live with a distant relative.

"It was very hard to part from him," said Mrs. Boardman, the tears gathering to her own eyes, "but you must try to think it was and is for the best."

Cynthia said she hoped so, and that at any rate it was the best she could do, and that she meant to do all she could to have him with her again, for she said, "there is no body now to care for me but him."

Mrs. Boardman arose, and stirring the fire, almost forced Cynthia to sit nearer.

Mr. Boardman began to feel his heart thawing, and, lest his resolution should quite dissolve, said, as he slowly loosened the shining buttons of his coat, "I trust you have considered your situation, young woman, and feel the necessity of going to a trade or of making yourself useful in the house of some relative. Pride and poverty, you must remember, never can mate well. The house where you are, and where you have always lived, I must have—there are no two ways about it, I *must* have it. You need have no trouble about disposing of your effects, as I am willing to take them at whatever valuation disinterested men may place upon them. I would rather not have them, to be sure, but my son, who is to be married in the spring, may be able to use them in some way, perhaps."

Having once entered upon the subject, it seemed that Mr. Boardman would never stop—it certainly, painfully seemed so to Jared, who tried in vain to understand what he was reading while his father spoke, and who would have welcomed almost any interruption. Once or twice he was on the point of saying he did not want the house, but the bright cheeks of his darling Caroline blushed before him, and he only bent his eyes more closely on the page, and tried more earnestly to understand. It seemed a long speech to Mrs. Boardman, and she regretted that she had urged the necessity of making it upon her husband. She saw how Cynthia trembled, and tried to think it was the cold that made her tremble, but by the unsteadiness of her own heart she knew better.

Once Cynthia tried to speak, but the stern and half-angry voice of Mr. Boardman frightened her into silence, and with downcast eyes and fingers nervously twitching, one with another, she waited in torment till the dreadful pause came.

"Don't you think you might teach a little school, or procure a situation in some village store as saleswoman?" asked Mrs. Boardman, not

in her heart supposing that Cynthia had once thought of what she could do.

To her surprise, however, the young girl said she had made a plan and was come to see what her friends thought of it. School-teaching was beyond her ambition and ability, and as for the other situation Mrs. Boardman suggested, it was quite out of her reach, even if desirable. She had no time to wait or watch for opportunities of doing what she would perhaps like—she must do what she *could* at once. She spoke so modestly, and, withal, so energetically, that Mrs. Boardman ceased from picking out her misplaced stitches, and her husband involuntarily drew his chair nearer the fire and the speaker; for on her entrance he had seated himself in a cold, comfortable place, feeling perhaps that he could not be comfortable any where. He and his wife now exchanged glances, each of which seemed to say, "I would have thought better of the young woman all the time but for you." And after a momentary effort to quiet her heart, Cynthia went on to say she had found a home for Lenny, and now was ready to give up home, land, and all besides to its rightful owner, and further, to offer her own services in whatever capacity Mrs. Boardman might be pleased to employ her.

That lady glanced uneasily at her husband, and replied, that though she had a great deal of house work, and, of course, plenty of sewing of an extra sort, inasmuch as Jared was to be married in the spring, she was afraid she could not well afford to hire any help.

Jared put down his book and punched the fire very hard, saying, as he resealed himself, he did not see why his mother should kill herself to keep herself.

"Nor I either," added Mr. Boardman; "it seems to me, mother, you have worked long enough to afford a little rest sometimes."

Mrs. Boardman said she did not know whether she could afford it or not—she was sure they would need all the money they could spare to fit out Jared for housekeeping—she must manage some way. She supposed, she suggested timidly, that Cynthia did not know much about fine sewing.

"No," said Cynthia, encouraged by the kind tone of her neighbor, "but I understand washing and ironing, and can cook passably well; and then you know you will not have to pay much money for a long while. I don't know how long it will take to pay what is owing you."

"Pray sit nearer the fire," said Mr. Boardman, "you must be very cold coming through the snow—it was very good of you, very thoughtful,

and I am quite ashamed of my own thoughtlessness in not going to see whether you needed any thing," and he took Cynthia by the hand and almost forced her to sit nearer the fire. He had said the truth when he said he was ashamed, but he had not truly owned the cause; he was ashamed at the remembrance of his little thoughts and intentions. He felt as if Cynthia would see it all as plainly as he saw it, and, strong, rich man as he was, shrank from her girlish face, ingenuously beaming with honest hopes and purposes.

Mrs. Boardman said she would think of the proposal, and Jared remarked that the wind blew terribly—perhaps for the want of any thing better to say, while Mr. Boardman made haste to bring a pitcher of cider and some apples.

Cynthia, however, would not be prevailed on to eat apples or sit by the fire, but said, as she arose to go, "that she would be glad to know very soon what their conclusion was."

Jared arose, too, and remarking a second time that the wind blew very hard, took his hat from the peg in the corner and walked behind Cynthia out of doors, who immediately proceeded home alone in the dark and the cold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## GOING HOME.

BY MARY LEWIS.

From desolate hearths, from beds of pain,  
From sorrow's bitter tears, and sin's dark stain,  
From lonely aching hearts, and longings vain,  
We would go home.

From hidden griefs that in our bosoms dwell,  
From blasted hopes, from fears we can not quell,  
From wrongs that make our spirit writhe and swell,  
We would go home.

From crushing cares, from din and feverish strife,  
From scenes with death and desolation rife,  
From all the weariness of mortal life,  
We would go home.

Around, the evening shadows gather fast,  
And in the distance sounds the night-wind's blast;  
Our loved ones, too, far onward long have passed  
To their bright home.

And voices from the spirit-land we hear,  
As angel-notes, melodious, soft and clear,  
Bidding us haste to join our lost and dear,  
Who rest at home.

O well-beloved ones! we hail the light  
That breaks o'er the horizon of our night;  
Waking to all the ravishing delight  
Of our sweet home.

A few more tears, and we shall rapturous stand  
Amidst the glorified and blood-washed band;  
Pouring triumphant songs at God's right hand,  
In that dear home.

## SPICE ISLANDS

VISITED IN THE SEA OF EDITORIAL READING.  
MORAL VALUE OF IDEAS.

**M**ORAL goodness is a higher end than intellectual gratification. Ideas, however brilliant, are morally worthless, unless they lodge the seeds of virtue in hearts where they are not, or help on their development where happily they are already sown.

## THE VACILLATING MAN.

The vacillating man can never realize greatness in any thing. He wastes his impulses and time in hesitancy. He poises too long between opposite forces, and when he moves onward, it is with the faltering step of indecision. His faculties are relaxed—they are not condensed into a manly force by a determined will. He may become wealthy by what is called fortune, and by fortune be adorned with titles and invested with office, but never *great*. Many men flatter him, some may despise him, but not a man will *revere* him. He has been carried up the hill of eminence like a child; thither he has not walked as a man, alone.

## THE IDEA OF GOD.

Wherever the religious element exists in human nature, the idea of God is a living fact. If atheism exists in such a state, it exists not in the understanding, but in the heart; not in a conviction, but a wish.

## FAITH IN GOD.

Faith in God springs from within. It is based on those immutable sentiments of the soul, that outlive all theories, and defy all skepticism. To deny it, is to offer violence to all that is great and sacred in human nature.

## IDEAS THE TRUE REFORMERS.

An intelligent resolution is always based on an intelligent idea. Men's purposes change as their opinions change. In society, the strongest determinations often fall on the entrance of new opinions. Decrees, held inviolable for ages, have been reversed by the advent of a new thought. Purposes change with ideas, as the tide changes with the moon. Ideas are the true reformers. In man's own soul, as well as in society, they are constantly pulling down and building up. Let no man despise a true idea. Arbitrary power grows pale, and falls dead before it. The decision that can not be resolved into intelligible reasons, is unworthy of our nature. Physical impulse, superstitious passion, force of associa-

tion, an obstinate hardihood of constitution—determinations that spring from such sources, are at once immoral and unmanly.

## INTELLECTUAL PROGRESSION.

The **A, B, C**, of Newton are inscrutable enigmas to the mass, and that which stretched beyond the grasp of the great astronomer, may be the simplest elements in the knowledge of an angel. What is mystery to an angel is alphabet to God. Yes, and even to the same mind, subjects most difficult become most plain. That which overtasked our energies at school is too easy for effort now. Interminable ages of progression are before us. The present intellectual mountains will dwindle into particles as we advance—particles of light, streaming a radiance on our future steps.

## INTELLECT SUBSERVIENT TO THE HEART.

Even intellect is the servant of a man's love. It is ever ready to do its work—at its bidding it will draw the sword against heaven. It will disfigure truth, and mold error into beauty, to gratify the heart.

## TRUE MORAL GREATNESS.

It does not require much greatness of soul to perform great feats, when the general spirit of the age is in your favor. To become the mouth-piece, or executive of public opinion may give a man celebrity, often has done so, but it neither requires nor constitutes greatness. It is greatness not to be borne along by the outward current, but to be self-impelled by the inner conviction—not to be molded by the genius of our times, but to mold our times by the genius of truth—to make public sentiment, rather than to be made by it. Thus it was with men in history. It was emphatically so with Christ. He breathed a spirit into his age, which, like heaven, has been spreading through humanity ever since, fermenting its dead particles into activity, and assimilating the whole to itself.

## THE WORLD AND THE SOUL.

The world is as the soul. It mirrors back its features to the eye, and echoes back its sounds to the ear. The beautiful and the harmonious—the hideous and the dissonant are in us. The bright soul, like the luminary of day, chases darkness from its path, bathes distant objects in its own radiance, and makes all within its sphere bloom into beauty at its presence, and reflect its light. "LIGHT IS SOWN FOR THE RIGHTEOUS, AND GLADNESS FOR THE UPRIGHT IN HEART."

## THE ARENA OF SOUL.

It is on the arena of soul, in the moral conflict for right, that the greatest magnanimity is required, and the greatest heroism displayed.

© The Crisis of Being. By Rev. D. Thomas. London: Ward & Co., No. 27 Paternoster Row. 1854. 16mo. 119 pp.



## CONDITION OF WOMAN IN HEATHEN COUNTRIES.

THE strongest expression of the degradation of woman is to be found in the belief that she has no soul. Such is a common opinion of the Mohammedans; and though it is not taught in the Koran, it receives abundant countenance from the fact, that the felicity of the future life promised by the Prophet to the faithful, will consist in enjoying the society of houris instead of that of their earthly wives. All the other "glories," says Mr. Sale, in his Discourses on the Koran, "will be eclipsed by the resplendent and ravishing girls of paradise, called, from their large black eyes, *Hur-ul-oyun*, the enjoyment of whose company will be the principal felicity of the faithful. These are created, not of clay, as mortal women are, but of pure musk, being, as their Prophet often affirms in the Koran, free from all natural impurities, defects, and inconveniences incident to the sex, of the strictest modesty, and secluded from public view in pavilions of hollow pearl." The Chinese, also, not only treat their women throughout their mundane existence as the most abject of slaves, but deny them any hope of compensation hereafter.

"As we were leaving Leang-chian," said Master Ting, "when we passed through that street where there were so many women assembled, I heard it said that they were Christians. Isn't that nonsense?"

"No; certainly it was the truth—they were Christians." He looked stupefied with astonishment, and his arms fell down by his side.

"I don't understand that," said he; "I have heard you say that people become Christians to save their souls. Is that it?"

"Yes, that is the object we propose to ourselves."

"Then what can the women become Christians for?"

"What for? To save their souls, like the men."

"But they have no souls," said he, stepping back a pace, and folding his arms; "women have no souls. You can't make Christians of them."

"We endeavored to remove the scruples of the worthy man upon this point. The very notion tickled his fancy so much, that he laughed with all his might. 'Nevertheless,' he said, 'when I get home again to my family, I will tell my wife that she has got a soul. She will be a little astonished, I think.'"

At Paris, of all places in the world, a work was published for disproving the essential identity of nature in men and women.

The custom of parents to enter into contracts with each other for the marriage of their children while the latter are still infants prevails in many parts of the globe; and though not coextensive, we may safely affirm it to be all but coeval with the human race. Of all indications of the tyranny of the stronger and of the sufferings of the weaker sex, that of infant betrothal exhibits the grossest violation of personal right: it subjects women at once to the utmost degradation and to life-long wretchedness. If the contract were equally binding on the male and on the female she would have no right, on the mere ground of sex, to utter a complaint; but the nature of the law, and the mode of its observance, tell but too plainly by whom and on whose behalf it was devised.

If a man, betrothed while yet a child by his father, should find that the woman to whom he is bound is utterly displeasing to him on account of either fancied or real defects in mind or body, or because she proves twice or thrice as old as himself, or because, desiring her affections, he finds himself unable to obtain them, they being already centered elsewhere; and if under these circumstances he were debarred throughout life from forming any other alliance, his case would be justly pronounced a hard one, and he would be sure of sympathy and commiseration. The intolerable injustice and oppression of such a law, if obligatory on the men of any tribe or nation, would speedily drive them to rebellion. But so completely regardless of all the strongest, deepest, and most sacred feelings of human nature is this contract, that men have never even dreamed of fulfilling it, and have never been expected to do so. In every stage of barbarism and of civilization, in every grade of social life, they are in the habit of indemnifying themselves for the injury which infant betrothal, if faithfully observed, would inflict. Polygamy and concubinage in barbarous and semi-barbarous states, concubinage and prostitution in civilized communities, are the means to which men resort. Among every people the individuality of women is more or less disregarded; but in this custom it is entirely ignored. Woman is not as yet treated as a *person* having thought, affections, passions, will; but as *property* subject to transfer from one to another, as avarice, lust, or the desire of family aggrandizement may suggest. We see the most hideous features of this custom in the aboriginals of New Holland. There it is carried

\*Huc's Chinese Empire.

to such an outrageous extent, that even a large proportion of the men have to suffer from the grasping monopoly of their chiefs. In Western Australia the female children are always betrothed a few days after their birth; and from the moment they are betrothed, the parents cease to have any control over the future settlement of their child. Should the first husband die before the girl has attained the years of puberty, she then belongs to his heir.

Among the higher ranks in the Society and Sandwich Islands it was the general custom of parents to betroth their daughters during childhood. But, contrary to the views and practices of all other people, if it so happened that when a noble girl grew up she experienced no affection for her spouse, this was not a cause of suffering; for in conformity with both law and custom, a lady of rank, though married, was permitted to take unto herself other husbands without ceasing to be the wife of her first one—thus placing herself precisely on a level with her polygamous lord! Of all the inhabitants of the Pacific, those of the Tonga Islands accorded to woman the highest position and respect. But even there about one-third of the whole were usually betrothed at an early age by their parents to chiefs and men in the higher ranks. In the Kingsmill group the practice is universal: girls are commonly betrothed as soon as they are born; and in one of the islands—Makin—no marriage ceremony takes place, because *every* female child is thus betrothed—usually to some near relative, who takes her to his house at whatever age he may think fit. But in New Zealand this custom involves a refinement of cruelty unknown in the other islands of the Pacific: a betrothed New Zealand girl not only becomes “*tapued*” to her future husband, and to him alone, but, even if he should die, no other man can make a proposal to her. Though differing in form, yet essentially similar in practice and effect, is the universal custom of the Hindoos—commended by the Abbe Dubois!—according to which, widows may not marry again, “even when they lose their husbands at the ages of six or seven; for it is not rare to see widows no older, particularly among the Brahmins, where an old man of sixty, or upward, takes for his second wife a child of that tender age.”

Of all nations the Chinese carry out the system of early betrothal most completely: parents in China not only bargain for the marriage of their children during their infancy, but while they are yet unborn. “Two friends will make a solemn promise, or even take an oath, to unite

in marriage the children of different sexes that may be born to them; and the solemnity of the engagement is marked by their tearing reciprocally a piece out of their tunics, and giving it to each other.” In curious contrast to this custom, we find a still greater stretch of parental assumption among the Mongols, who not infrequently betroth or marry their children after they are dead! The contract having been regularly drawn up, and rude representations of the various gifts, usually received by the parents of the bride when a living couple is betrothed, having been made, they commit the whole to the flames, and thus, as they believe, convey them through the medium of the smoke to their children in the other world, that they may become husband and wife in due form. The parents of each, after this ceremony, consider themselves as mutually related, just as if a real connection had taken place between their living children.

But the cumbersome and tedious custom of early betrothal is often dispensed with altogether, in favor of much speedier methods of acquiring a wife. The cheapest and most expeditious plan is the one acted on by the founders of Rome; namely, that of stealing. It is constantly practiced by the New Hollanders, and gives rise to endless disputes and intertribal wars. If a woman thus violently seized upon should attempt to escape from her captors, he at once thrusts a spear through the fleshy part of her leg or thigh. Or if a wretched victim of infant betrothal should elope, and be afterward recovered by her legitimate (?) husband, he subjects her to the same punishment. But despite the suffering she must undergo if captured, the knowledge that stealing a wife is generally punished with death, and that, if the seducer can not be secured, one of his relatives is sure, eventually, to be slain, such cases of elopement, or rather of wife-stealing, frequently occur.

“Supposing a woman to give no encouragement to her admirers, many plots are always laid to carry her off, and in the encounters which result from these, she is almost certain to receive some violent injury, for each of the combatants orders her to follow him, and, in the event of her refusing, throws a spear at her. The early life of a young woman at all celebrated for beauty is generally one continued series of captivity to different masters, of ghastly wounds, of wanderings in strange families, of rapid flights, of bad treatment from other females among whom she is brought a stranger by her captor; and rarely do you see a form of unusual grace and elegance but it is marked and scarred by the furrows of

old wounds; and many a female thus wanders several hundred miles from the home of her infancy, being carried off successively to distant and more distant points."

Of all methods of obtaining at once a wife and a slave, that of *purchase* is the most universal. It prevailed among the Indians over the vast continent of North and South America, and in various islands of the Pacific Ocean; it is practiced to this day by the people of Africa, so far as known to us, by both the black and brown races spread throughout the Indian Archipelago, and by all, or nearly all the nations of Asia. Though it does not generally obtain, and so far as we know has never *prevailed* throughout Europe, still this favored portion of the globe is not without deep traces of its existence.

Not the least remarkable and degrading feature of this traffic in women is the singularly low price at which they may be usually purchased. This will become apparent as we proceed; but of course the price varies greatly, not only according to the quality, but the locality of the article: for although within the limits of each tribe or nation, this peculiar commerce is actively carried on, it has not yet been so far influenced by the stimulating doctrines of free trade, as, by becoming international, to equalize prices, *ceteris paribus*, over the globe. Nevertheless national limits are occasionally overstepped. The Caffres are said to avoid marrying the women of their own tribe, preferring to purchase them from their neighbors. The Tamboukie women are most highly esteemed, although they are described as very ugly—being short, stout, and having strong, muscular limbs. One ox or two cows is the usual price.

In 1620 the African women of the Mandingo tribe were to be bought for fifty kollaruts each. But somewhat later the price seems to have risen enormously in the same region—even as high as two cows, two iron bars, or two hundred kollaruts. We suspect, however, that the latter is the more usual price of an African beauty. At Port Dory, in New Guinea, a wife seems to be rather costly; she is worth ten slaves, or their value in goods; in the Arru islands she is to be had cheaper, but no credit is allowed. The payment consists of elephant's teeth, brass gongs, cloth, etc., and is usually made in advance, by installments, during several years. Among the higher classes in the Feejee group of islands, rolls of tapa—native cloth—whales' teeth, provisions, etc., are usually *presented* to the parents; but there the brothers, as in the Arru islands, assume a share in the property of their sisters,

who can not be sold or married without their consent, as well as that of the parents. Among the lower class the common price is one whale's tooth, or a musket; this once paid, the husband has such an entire right to her person, that he may kill and eat her if he should feel so disposed. We are not aware what may be the price current among the lower class of the North American Indians; but we are at once informed in the following extraordinary story, what is the value of the daughters of their chiefs, and how strictly the bargain is adhered to, even when the venders are subject to what the conquerors and inheritors of their lands would call rather "smart practice." The son of a chief—of the Puncak tribe—a youth eighteen years old, wishing to connect himself with some of the most influential men of the tribe, for the sake of securing their countenance, had an interview with one of the most distinguished, and made an arrangement with him for the hand of his daughter, whom he was to receive on a certain day, at a certain hour, and for whom he was to give two horses, a gun, and several pounds of tobacco. It was enjoined on the father, as a condition of the espousal, that he should keep the contract a profound secret. In like manner, he soon made similar arrangements with three other leading men of the tribe, each of whom had a young and beautiful daughter, of marriageable age. To each of the fathers he promised two horses, and other articles, as stipulated for in the first instance, laying on each the same injunctions of secrecy, till he should announce to the whole tribe that he was to be married. At the time appointed, they all assembled, ignorant of the fair hand that was to be placed in his. He got some of his young friends to lead up the eight horses; he then took two of them, with the other presents agreed upon, and advancing to the first of the chiefs with whom he had made a compact, and whose daughter was standing by his side, said to him, "You promised me the hand of your daughter on this day, for which I was to give you two horses," etc. The father assented, receiving the presents, and giving his child; when some confusion ensued from the simultaneous remonstrances which were suddenly made by the other three parents who had entered into similar contracts. As soon as they could be pacified, and silence could be restored, the ambitious young chief exultingly replied, "You have all acknowledged in public your promises to me, which I shall expect you to fulfill. I am here to perform all the engagements which I have made, and I expect you all to do the same." No more was

said. He led up the two horses for each, and delivered the other presents, leading off to his wigwam his four brides!

The elevated position and powerful influence accorded to women in the Society and Sandwich islands, and especially throughout the Tonga group, are very remarkable. There women were entitled to succeed to the supreme power, and they very often did so; and the wives of the chiefs, usually of the same rank with themselves, commanded equal consideration and respect. As already stated, the upper classes were betrothed in infancy; but among the middle and lower classes, marriages were contracted by each sex, on their own behalf, and consisted only of "an agreement between the man and woman, with which even the priest had no concern; yet the husband would sometimes receive a dowry with his wife, if the rank of her family were inferior to that of his own; and it was not uncommon for the suitor to make presents to the parents of the maiden he desired to win, in order to gain their consent. We are here presented with evidence that the practice of wife-buying had prevailed, but was slowly passing away, "the presents to the parents" being the purchase-money of former times; and there can be little doubt that the custom once extended over all the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

In the common language of Java, the nature of the marriage contract is plainly enough implied in its name, *patukon*, or *the purchase-money*, which, however, with some regard to delicacy, is occasionally called *szhan*, or, *the deposit*. It is usual in the Indian Archipelago for the money or goods to go to the parents without limitation; but in Java, where women seem already to have taken a step in advance, they are generally looked upon as a settlement or provision for the wife. Among many of the Malay tribes, the wife becomes the absolute property and slave of her husband, if the *whole* sum agreed upon should be paid. He may then sell or otherwise dispose of her as such. Unless the families quarrel, however, a small installment is always left unpaid; and as long as this continues to be the case—the bargain thus remaining incomplete—the woman has a right to be considered equal, and may demand a divorce. Indeed, there is throughout the Indian Archipelago a greater degree of equality between man and wife than is implied in the universal custom of purchasing the latter: this remark is especially applicable to the Javanese, and the civilized nations of Celebes.

In Siam and Cochin China, though men invariably purchase their wives, the women have at

least one privilege reserved to them—that of saying "no;" a young woman can not be married, that is, sold, by her parents contrary to her inclination. In Japan, where the essential nature of the marriage contract is still that of buying and selling, they contrive to conceal its odious features; the presents are made to the bride, who, on receiving them, transfers them to her parents or relatives, as an acknowledgment of the expense and trouble they incurred in bringing her up. The handsomer the bride the greater are the acknowledgments she is thus enabled to accord.

Throughout the broad expanse of Asia, from time immemorial, the lot of woman has been that of wretched personal slavery and social abasement; but in China her miserable condition seems to touch the extreme that is possible for human nature to endure. She is sold to her future husband without even being consulted on the subject; to inform her of so much as his name is considered quite superfluous, and in the family of her purchaser she is expected to obey every one without exception. According to an old Chinese writer, "The newly-married wife should be but a shadow and an echo in the house." Her husband can strike her with impunity, starve her, sell her, and even let her out for a longer or shorter period, as is done in the province of Tehe-Kiang. The number of women driven to suicide by their accumulated sufferings is very great. When a Chinaman thus loses his wife, he usually manifests, we are told, "a great deal of emotion, for, in fact, he has suffered a considerable loss, and will be under the necessity of buying another wife!" The mean, bullying selfishness of the Chinese of the present day toward their women, is but a counterpart of their inhuman cowardice and readiness to sacrifice them to their conquerors in former times.

Though the actual condition of women in Mongolia is vastly superior to that of women in China, their legal station in both countries is the same. The Mongols, in their account of a marriage, clearly express the nature of the transaction. They say, "I have bought for my son the daughter of so-and-so." "We have sold our daughter to such and such a family." Mediators are employed, as in China, to effect the bargain, who haggle over it till at length they come to an agreement.

The position of women in ancient Assyria is abundantly illustrated by the extraordinary method adopted to dispose of them in marriage. Speaking of Assyrian customs, Herodotus says, very naively, "*The wisest, in my idea, is this,*



which I understand holds also among the Venetians of Illyria. Once every year, the following scene took place in every village. Whatever maidens might be of marriageable years, were all collected and brought into one certain place, around which stood a multitude of men. A crier called up each girl separately, and offered her for sale; he began with the prettiest of the lot; and when she had found a rich bidding, he sold her off; and called up another, the next he ranked in beauty. All these girls were sold off in marriage; the rich men that were candidates for a wife, bade against one another for the handsomest: the more humble classes desirous of getting partners, did not require absolutely beauty, but were willing to take even the ugly girls for a sum of money. Therefore, when the crier had gone through the list of the prettiest women, and disposed of them, he put up the ugliest, or some one that was a cripple, if any there were; and offering to dispose of her, called out for the bidder that would, for the smallest sum, take her to live with him; so he went on till he came to her that he considered the least forbidding. The money for this was got by the sale of the pretty maidens; so that the handsomest and well-shaped gave dowries to the ugly and deformed. It was not lawful for any one to give his daughter to whom he chose; nor for a person to take a girl away that he had purchased, without giving bond that he verily proposed to marry her; when he might take her with him. If the couple could not agree, the law permitted the money to be returned."

Of all the people of Asia the Hindoos seem to have legislated with the greatest care and detail concerning woman, yet by no people, legally speaking, is her individuality more entirely ignored; and in no country is the slavery in which she lives at once so systematic, refined, and complete, as it is in India, where the law-giver and the priest are one. The oppressive custom of life-long guardianship is expressly ordained: "By a girl or by a woman advanced in years, nothing must be done, even in her own dwelling-place, according to her mere pleasure. In childhood must a female be dependent on her father; in youth on her husband; her lord being dead, on her sons; if she have no sons, on the near kinsman of her husband; if he left no kinsman, on those of her father; if she have no paternal kinsman, on the sovereign. A woman must never seek independence." "Marriage is, to a Hindoo, the great, the most essential of all objects. A man who is not married is considered to be a person without establishment, and almost

as a useless member of society. Till he arrives at this state he is consulted on no great affairs, nor employed on any important trust. In short, he is looked upon as a man out of the pale of nature." It is by means of his wife that a man enjoys all earthly happiness. A man without a wife is an imperfect being. The young Brahmin is not only urged to marry, but the divine law-giver—"the son of Brahma"—directs him in his choice. "A twice-born man" must "studiously avoid the ten following families," be they ever so rich: "The family which has omitted prescribed acts of religion; that which has produced no male children; that in which the *Veda* has not been read; that which has thick hair on the body;" and those which have been subject to certain specified diseases. "Let him not marry a girl with reddish hair; . . . nor one immoderately talkative; . . . nor one with any name raising an image of terror. Let him choose for his wife a girl whose form has no defect; who has an agreeable name; who walks gracefully, like a phenicopteros, or like a young elephant."

"In negotiating a marriage, the inclinations of the future spouses are never attended to. Indeed, it would be ridiculous to consult girls of that age; and, accordingly, the choice entirely devolves upon the parents. Those of the husband attend principally to the purity of the caste; while those of the wife are more solicitous about the fortunes of the young man, and the disposition of the intended mother-in-law of their daughter."

Marriage having been effected, the husband is commanded to keep his wife in subjection, "both day and night, that she by no means be mistress of her own actions." "In every stage of life, a woman is created to obey;" and the husband is expressly authorized to enforce obedience from his wife, by means of the "lash, or the small shoot of a cane." But even complete self-abdication, and the most degrading submission to the will of her lord, are only a small part of what the Hindoo sages exact from her; though her husband may be enamored of another woman, though he may be "crooked, aged, infirm, offensive in his manners, choleric, a drunkard, a gambler, or a debauchee, yet he must be constantly revered as a god by a virtuous wife. . . . A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all the good works she can perform is to gratify him. This should be her only devotion. . . . When her husband sings, she must be in ecstasy. If he dances, she views him with delight. If he speaks of science, she is filled with admiration.

When in his presence she must be always gay."

In nearly all countries women are regarded as mentally inferior to men; and yet, with absurd inconsistency, they are expected in their character and conduct to manifest the noblest attributes of our common nature, to an extent rarely exhibited by the stronger sex. The Hindoo laws abound in the most contumelious and insulting epithets applied to women—"infidelity, violence, deceit, envy, extreme avariciousness, a total want of good qualities, with impurity, are the innate faults of womankind;" nevertheless, in addition to her fervent and constant worship of her husband, she is called upon to lead the life of a saint: "She must be watchful over her temper, never covetous of what belongs to another; her deportment and her mind must be always serene. Self-renunciation, disinterestedness, and devotion to another are the virtues she must always practice. But the duties of this admirable slave do not end with this life: if her husband should die before her, she is summoned to attend him to the next world. Should she not have strength to surmount the flames of the funeral pile, she must linger out a lonely existence till death conveys her to her lord. "Let her," says the sacred ordinance, "emaciate her body, by living voluntarily on pure flowers, roots, and fruit; but let her not, when her lord is deceased, even pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue till death, forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practicing the incomparable rules of virtue, which have been followed by such women as were devoted to one husband only."

As may be readily inferred, from the knowledge of who are the law-makers, the ordinances concerning widowers are of a widely different character: "A twice-born man must burn with hallowed fire and fit implements of sacrifice, his wife dying before him, if she was of his own class and lived by these rules. Having thus kindled sacred fires, and performed funeral rites to his wife, who died before him, *he may again marry, and again light the nuptial fire.*"

Since the time of the prophet Mohammed, the condition of Mohammedan women has undergone but little change or improvement, except, perhaps, in European Turkey. The father still disposes of his daughter in marriage; if she have not arrived at the age of puberty, her consent is not required. A payment to the father or guardian is essential to legalize the marriage, and the least sum allowed by the law is ten dirhems, or drams of silver—about five shillings

of our money. Mohammed paid for certain of his wives ten dirhems, a hand-mill, a water-jar, and a pillow; but none cost him as much as five hundred dirhems. At the present time a sum equivalent to about twenty pounds is a common dowry among Arabs of the middle class, for a virgin, and half, or a third, or a quarter of that sum for a divorced woman or a widow. Two-thirds of the sum is usually paid before making the contract, and the remainder held in reserve to be paid to the woman in case either of her divorce or of her husband's death. The father or guardian receives the former portion, although it is usually regarded as her property, and is expended on her account, in articles which her husband can never take from her against her wish. But in many cases, the first two-thirds of the purchase-money is retained altogether by the father.

We are informed by Mr. Lavard that as soon as the workman saved a few piasters, his thoughts were turned to the purchase of a new wife. Sometimes a man repented of his bargain, and refused to fulfill it; or a father, finding that his future son-in-law was growing rich, demanded a higher price than that originally agreed upon for his daughter. Quarrels innumerable ensued, and appeals for arbitration were constantly made to the English "Bey." One evening, while sitting in his tent, a pretty Arab girl rushed into his presence, and throwing herself at his feet, uttered the most dismal lamentations. Her mother speedily followed her, and a man tried to force his way in, but was not permitted to enter. The father of the damsel, then dead, had agreed to marry her to the man who had followed her to the tent. The price, fixed at *two sheep, a donkey, and a few measures of wheat*, had been partly paid. He had now come to claim his bride, but she had conceived a violent hatred for him, and absolutely refused to marry him. The mother, who was poor, did not know how to meet the difficulty, for the donkey had already been received, and had died doing his work. She was therefore about to resign her daughter, when the girl fled to Mr. Layard for refuge, and declared that she would rather throw herself into the river than marry the man who had claimed her. Mr. Layard gallantly protected her, ordered the mother to give back a donkey, with two sheep by way of interest, and furnished her privately with the means of doing so. They were refused; the girl, fearing the consequences of the step she had taken, begged to remain in the tent of her protector. Of course he could not object! But, alas! in the night her purchaser

went to the tent of her mother and stabbed her to the heart. The Arabs, on account of this tragical conclusion, were prejudiced against the girl, and there was but little chance of her being again betrothed; "So," says Mr. Layard, "I married her to an inhabitant of Mosul."

In the beginning of Mohammedanism, adultery was punished by imprisonment till death; but afterward slave-wives were ordered to have fifty stripes, and to be punished half a year, while free women were to be stoned.

We have no wish to drag our readers through the dreary wilderness of selfishness along which we have traveled, in order to learn the diverse customs which prevail in relation to divorce. With a few rare exceptions, the power of divorce is always possessed, and frequently exercised by the men throughout the barbaric and oriental world, but is denied to the women, who have far greater need of such wretched help as it may afford them, in order to free themselves from the cruelty which is too often added to the ordinary slavery of their existence.

A single reflection and we must close.

Looking over the globe, who can fail to be impressed with the thought, how many generations have passed away, indeed, how many tribes, how many nations have risen out of the Unknown, have flourished, fought their life's battle and become extinct, without contributing essentially to the culture and civilization of their kind! And especially of one-half the aggregate of them—the women—how few have made the faintest approach to the fulfillment of that destiny which is obscurely written in their souls! How few have ever beheld the writing—fewer still have interpreted it. The ever-recurring lesson from the social history of the barbaric and eastern world is, that the lot of woman is that of a slave; her treatment only being varied according to the brutality, caprice, or affection of her master. The organic principle of social growth and improvement can scarcely be traced: as is one generation, so is the next—they are born, live, and die—in themselves only repeating the past, and their conception of the future limited to an anticipation that it will be a copy of the present. Who shall expound this riddle of human existence? In view only of this dark side of nature in its social aspect, profound and steadfast indeed must be our trust. "Sense knows not, faith knows not; only that it is from mystery to mystery—from God to God."

"I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last to all,  
And every winter change to spring."

## MORTALITY'S MARCH.

BY REV. C. C. BEDELL.

Mortal life is  
Ever changing,  
Like the silver queen of night;  
Restless fancy  
Always ranging  
Through the airy realms of light  
  
Earthly friendship  
Mortals worship,  
Quite as mutable and vain  
E'er receiving,  
Seldom giving  
An equivalent again.

Pleasure waning,  
Man complaining  
Of his transitory joys;  
Never easy,  
Always busy,  
Trifling with his idol toys.

Hark! the warning!  
Death is coming!  
Coming with a fearful tread!  
Troubled mortal!  
Dreadful portal!  
Numbered with the silent dead!

## GEMS FROM THE MUSES.

STRENGTH.

STRENGTH is born

In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts,  
Not amidst joy.

IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT.

Shall thoughts that know no bounds,  
But self-inspired, rise upward, searching out  
The eternal Mind—the father of all thoughts  
Shall they become mere tenants of the tomb?

WORTH.

Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;  
Nor ever fails of their allegiance there.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS BIBLE.

He knows, and knows no more—his Bible true,  
A truth the brilliant Atheist never knew;  
And in that volume reads, with sparkling eyes,  
His title clear to mansions in the skies.

CHANGE.

We build with what we term eternal brass—  
A distant age asks where the fabric stood  
But sifted, alas! and searched in vain,  
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

THE HUMAN RACE.

Like flowers on trees the race of man is found;  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
Another race the following spring supplies;  
They fall successive, and successive rise;  
So generations in their course decay—  
So flourish these, when those have passed away.

## A REVIEW OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM—ITS ALLEGED FACTS CONSIDERED.

BY REV. WM. H. FERRIS.

IN the days of our country's Revolution, a deserter from the British army, quite as noted for his love of home as for his good sense, was found upon the coast in a bark canoe, with which he was about to venture the perils of an Atlantic voyage. He was less foolish than many in our day, who attempt to navigate the rough sea of life with some visionary theory. The shores of *time* and the coasts of *eternity* are strewn with the wrecks and the wrecked. It is a sad sight when men who were once virtuous and happy, members of the Church, and ornaments of society, break their anchor-hold upon the truths of God. To-day multitudes of these lie upon the barren beach of error, like sea-weed torn and tangled and drifted by the storm; multitudes more have gone to their sad reckoning. And "spiritualism" is the most active agency in enlisting new recruits, to be offered as sacrifices at the shrine of human folly.

Is it not somewhat singular that this "*wonderful discovery*" has been kept back from the world for six thousand years? Are we so much better than former generations, that God, in condescension to our goodness, has bestowed this distinction and favor upon us? Where have the spirits been for long ages? and why have they not before visited the habitations of men?

In our former article we attempted to show that there is a remarkable correspondence of "*spiritualism*" to *heathen mythology*, and to the *modern superstitions* of savage nations: also to prove that the Bible recognizes this very error, and positively forbids its practice.

But the system of "*spirit-rapping*" in itself affords abundant evidence that it has no claims upon our confidence. We shall attempt to penetrate the "*mystery*" far enough to establish this position:

DO THE FACTS OF "SPIRITUALISM" GO TO ESTABLISH ITS TRUTH OR FALSEHOOD?

What are its internal manifestations? We will attempt to sketch its profile, that you may form an estimate of its character by the physiognomy; or, if you are a phrenologist, we will cast its bust, so that you may manipulate its developments. You will find the bump of "*marvelousness*" enormously overgrown, and that of "*veneration*" sadly deficient.

If these "*spiritual manifestations*" are from God, no harm can come of an examination; if they are not, then it is our duty to examine and

reject them. As I did not make the *facts* connected with the "*rappings*," I can not be responsible for them, however *absurd and ridiculous*.

It is constantly urged that there are some things about "*spiritualism*" that you can not explain." Admit this; and is it any proof of spiritual agency? A. J. Davis says, "Books are thrown about, nails, keys, and other portable articles fall on the floor, black crape is tied on the door-latches, and the looking-glasses are covered with sheets. A boy's clothes were suddenly torn, [not the first instance of the kind, I apprehend,] his cap, shoes, etc., mysteriously hid; and on one occasion he was *suspended by a rope to a tree*." I shall not attempt to explain such phenomena. The intelligent do not need an explanation, and the foolish would not be benefited by it. If "*spirits*" perform such wonders, they must be "*evil spirits*," for no good spirit, I am sure, would first rob, and then hang an unfortunate boy. As I do not understand the devil's philosophy, I will leave the explanation of all such wonders to our "*spiritual*" friends of the "*abnormal state*," who appear to be on intimate terms with "*seducing spirits*," and well acquainted with "*doctrines of devils*."

Admit, for the sake of the argument, that they are spirits who produce such hubbubs among household goods, that they are the spirits of the departed, are we to lose our wits, and abandon the word of God to run after them? Can they teach us better than the Holy Ghost?

If spirits, are they *good* or *evil*? Do they tell the truth? Or are they "*lying spirits*?" Do they agree with each other? Many are ready to believe that every message from spirits must be true. This was the fatal mistake of Adam and Eve. The serpent in Eden was the first "*medium*," and the successors, both in spirit and practice, have borne a striking resemblance to the original. . . . Whether the spirits of the departed may come back to this world, by special permission, whether they may converse by signs; whether they produce the phenomena of "*spiritualism*," is not the question. But do they make AVAILABLE and CORRECT disclosures of the life to come? Are they messages sent from God? If there is nothing in the messages to increase man's knowledge or happiness; if they only gratify a morbid curiosity, why should we give heed to them?

1. Is there any proof of the claims of "*spiritualism*" in the MANNER of communicating?

Mr. Davis, the "*seer*," says that in the formation of a circle to communicate with the spirits, "it is essential that the circles be always organized



and internally constructed upon *negative* and *positive* principles. As there are *twelve* elements and attributes [what are they?] in every human soul, abstractly considered, so should there be twelve persons constituting every circle; the twelve consisting of six males and six females. At first, in forming a circle for individual improvement and spiritual communion, the '*medium*' through whom the sounds are made, and the clairvoyant who can discern spirits, should be situated at the head of the table. Then let the person whose *electrical* temperament is usually indicated by cold hands, and who possesses a mild and loving disposition, take his or her position on the immediate right of the clairvoyant, upon whose immediate left should be seated one of a *negative*, or warm physical temperament, being a positive and intellectual individual, and so let all the six female principals have their places fixed on the left of the mediums, not to exceed two in number at a circle. *Get about five yards of a three-quarter inch rope, cover this around with silk or cotton velvet, and wind around it, parallel with each other, two wires, one of steel, and the other of silver or copper.* The harmonial circle of friends may sit uniformly around the table, and let the *magnetized rope* lie on their laps, their hands upon or grasping it; and the one *which* is constitutionally most susceptible to spiritual influx of motion and influence, will *feel a throbbing in the hands.*" This is Mr. Davis's approved method of inviting the attendance of spirits. He also requires that the room shall be made dark, and be free from noise.

What spirits need of a cord—ay, an *electric* cord—wound around with steel and copper wire, is more than I am able to tell. It is claimed by our "abnormal" brethren, that the prophets were all mediums; but they had no such wonderful machinery as Mr. Davis and Dr. Hare have invented of late, for the aid of the spirits. Only think of *Moses* and *Elijah* carrying each a coil of rope wound with wire, and covered with silk velvet, by which to perform their miracles! If they did so much without the modern inventions of spiritualists, what would they not have done if they had enjoyed the benefit of Dr. Hare's spiritual clock, by which the presence of spirits is detected!

Now, why are the spirits restricted to certain circumstances? Why must it be in a house? at a table? among the furniture? in the dark? Why must there be a medium present? Why are these communications restricted to a few? Why are there so many impracticable subjects? Why do not the spirits communicate alike with

all? Why turn all the skeptics out of the room? Did Christ and his apostles refuse to perform their miracles in the presence of any who disbelieved?

When the "circle" is formed according to the above or some other approved method; when the skeptics are all removed, and the entire company has become "*passive*;" when all the *lights are put out*, and the hands of the circle are on the electric cord, or on the table, there soon comes a scarcely audible "*rap*." Then by the aid of an alphabet the spirit proceeds to communicate. Three raps mean yes, and one means no. In this tedious way messages were at first received; but as this is a progressive system, they have got beyond their A, B, C, and now they have *tipping, seeing, writing, speaking, and healing mediums.*

The following is from the Spiritual Telegraph, the weekly organ of the spiritualists in New York: "The spirits say they must have the *room dark*, because the chemical action of light is such as to render it impossible for them to concentrate the elements necessary to form a physical hand while it is present. At Mr. T.'s spiritual room, the '*invisibles*' performed upon all the musical instruments themselves. Upon entering the room, my friend and I were seated near Mr. T., and as soon as the lights were put out, we were entertained by a *vocal and instrumental concert. Two drums, two violins, two harmonicons, an accordion, a tambourine, a bunch of sleigh-bells, and spirit-voices* made us music that might have been heard at the distance of one mile." It is also stated that the "spirits used rosin on their bows, and complained that the instruments were out of order." If Mr. T. furnished the instruments for his spirit-guests, he was in duty bound to have them in order, *sleigh-bells and all*; if they were of celestial manufacture, they certainly ought to have been in trim. Will the "rappers" be kind enough to inform us what is the *object of such manifestations*? They would whip the silly boy who would perform similar pranks among the furniture, the sleigh-bells, and the fiddles. And do they really intend to have us believe that the spirits of the dead come back for such purposes?

In olden time men of God *spoke* as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Now, under the reign of progress, the vulgar method of *speaking* is generally dispensed with, and in the place we have "*tips, knocks, twitches, screams, and convulsions.*" What a substitution! And yet it is claimed that this revelation is vastly superior to the old, and is to supersede it. Formerly revelations from the other world were accompanied

with sublime manifestations. The bush was on fire without consuming; the waters of the sea fled; the earth trembled; Sinai blazed and shook. But now *greater* revelations are given amid the august tilt and jostle of household furniture.

We ask, where are the miracles of this new—old—religion? You have had dark rooms enough, and broken chairs and tables; but where are the heavens clothed in gloom, and the open and tenantless tombs? not miracles in the dark, among the "passive," away from the scrutiny of the public, but open, and in the midst of bitter, skeptical enemies. The miracles of Christ and the apostles were useful and available.

It is true that the "rappers," like all false religionists, pretend to miracles. Mr. Partridge, one of their number, declares that he "saw a spirit fly through Washington Square, in New York, with a child in its arms." But this probably occurred in the night, and unfortunately Mr. Partridge is the only witness of this interesting sight.

They have published the following account of another wonderful miracle, which is said to have occurred in Troy: "A lady, the wife of a certain officer in a Presbyterian Church, who is a partial believer in spiritual manifestations, was so far under the influence of spirits, that her hands were moved, and made to perform some very singular gestures. One day, seeing their clergyman, Dr. —, passing, the latter was invited in to witness the phenomena, and to render assistance if possible. As the Doctor entered the room, the lady shook hands with him cordially, but found it easier to commence than to leave off. After shaking hands for some time, the hands commenced patting the Doctor on the shoulders, head, and ears, to the confusion of both parties. The Doctor then advised the hands to be immersed in cold water, with a view to disengage the electricity, of which he said the lady was overcharged. When the water was procured the motion of the hands became more violent, and manifested a repugnance to the water-cure. With a little assistance, however, the hands were fully immersed, when they at once commenced throwing the water so plentifully over the Doctor's head and shoulders, that he was compelled to beat a hasty retreat, carrying with him the marks of water baptism at spirit hands." Now, is it not strange that men are so blind and hardened as not to be convinced by such imposing miracles! It is quite probable, from the ardor with which this rapping sister grasped the hand and patted the cheeks of the

Rev. Doctor, that she may understand the mysteries of "*free love*." Most of their miracles are performed upon the sick, or such as imagine sickness. The spirits are now consulted about all forms of disease by the mediums, and medicine is discovered, made, and given as they advise. It is not essential that the diseased person should be present; but a letter from them, a lock of hair, or any relic, will enable the charmer to discover the disease, *if the money is forwarded in advance*. Mrs. S. B. Johnson, of Bangor, Me., advertises, "Behold, the sick are healed! Physical physician and medium, would respectfully offer her services, assisted by her husband, to the diseased. Examination of persons at a distance will be promptly attended to on the receipt of five dollars and a lock of hair or other relic, with name and residence of patient." This is a fair specimen of the many similar advertisements sent out to the public. The spirits are said to discover medicinal springs, and direct in the making of tinctures, sirups, pills, etc. This celestial quackery has one advantage, the patient may stay at home, and have his case examined by a medium at any distance. The charge will not be considered extravagant, when the superiority of the practitioner is taken into the account, especially if the mediums—as in duty bound—divide the profits with the spirits. One of the latest miracles of this new medical fraternity, is the resurrection of a *Mrs. Shanghai*, recently imported from the celestial empire. She had the misfortune to fall into a tank of water, and not only wet her feathers, but was actually drowned. Her proud owner being a spiritualist, gave her a few drops of Mrs. Metler's elixir—Mrs. M. is a spirit medium—and much to the joy of her cackling neighbors, her ladyship was restored.

That no reliance can be placed upon these pretended communications, is evident from the testimony of "spiritualists."

A spirit communicating to one of their writers, said, "We have to accommodate ourselves to the mediums." That is, the answer is, after all, under the control of the necromancer. The "seer" says, "*Animal magnetism is particularly and especially the grand element engaged in developing these miracles; by this mysterious influence Jesus performed miracles.*" To say nothing of the blasphemy that reduces the Son of God to a mere animal magnetizer, here is a plain admission of an agency employed other than spirits—an agency employed also by those who deny "spiricity"—to produce various and strange phenomena. The same writer adds: "I could

adduce hundreds of instances, when the spirits communicating through the sounds, have said, at one time, what they subsequently most positively contradicted. Theological interrogatories have been put to them, and answers were elicited to suit the pre-impressions or predilections of the majority of minds constituting the circle; but at another session the former answers were modified or contradicted. It is true that nearly all the communications thus far received, do not at first appear to impress sufficient importance to demand much attention. The responses have been very simple, have frequently proved unreliable and almost destitute of signification. These communications are sometimes so trivial, and the replies so inferior in point of intelligence, that many believing, and earnestly-seeking individuals almost despair of ever obtaining any valuable truths through the sounds." If the great apostle of this system confesses that even believers despair of obtaining any thing valuable from it, what room is there left for our faith? The spirit of Elias Hicks is made to explain, though it only perplexes the difficulties of these messages from another world. "If men live a disorderly life, they enter the new life the same, from which it is not easy to redeem them. Hence, if such get the hand of a medium, they may make bad work. They have as free access to the mediums as any of the good. The best spirits are most retiring, and the lower are more likely to get into communication; and hence so many silly communications from the spirits."

If, then, the mind of the medium, or any person present, may change the character of the message; if bad spirits dictate to the mediums; if these are the frank confessions of the "rap-omania," how can they expect the intelligent and sober-minded to give up the Bible, and trust their eternal interest to this shadow? We are compelled to the belief, that, while the partially initiated may be honest, there is a fearful amount of corruption and fraud on the part of the leaders of this scheme. Do not the mediums know that what they palm off upon the public is gross deception, base jugglery, and criminal forgery? Yet they persist in the cheat. Some of these arrogant knaves go so far as to make the condescending spirits thank them for the honors of an interview, and ask the privilege of another visit.

Mr. Ballou, a spiritualist, in a work called *Spiritual Manifestations*, says, "I have known cases in which the bias, prejudice, predilection, or will of the medium evidently governed and characterized the demonstrations. In these cases the answers given were so evidently fashioned by

*the medium's own mind, as to leave no doubt of the fact.* I, myself, gave questions requesting that the answers might be thus and so; they were rapped out by the medium accordingly. Answers could be obtained in the affirmative or negative, or in flat contradiction of previous answers, *if the medium would only will it.* Responses have been made purporting to come from the spirits of persons deceased; but afterward it turned out that the persons represented as dead, were alive in the flesh. In other cases false and absurd statements have been made. The spirits even confess ignorance, deception, or waggishness in their answers. In others, low, uncouth, profane, obscene, and vulgar words were spelled out. In others, when the spirit of some brute animal was called for, there would be a response personating the animal."

How is it that the mediums will make appointments beforehand to meet certain spirits? How is it that these "familiar spirits" will meet a dozen circles at the same moment, at widely distant places? Can the mediums control the attendance of any spirit at will? or are the spirits omnipresent? The spirits of the good and great must hang their harps by the "rivers of life," and come back to this wicked world, to do the bidding of some silly medium, to go for them on some senseless errand, or cure some great hypochondriac! Nay, more than this, even the Savior, "God over all, blessed forever," is called back at their beck; the work of mediation is superseded for the undignified employ of rapping tables! Not only this, but the best men who have ever lived, come at their call, to denounce their former teachings, and deny the fundamental truths of Christianity; even our Savior is made to do this! Presumptuous blasphemers—vile traducers of the dead!

## 2. Let us glance at the human agents employed.

These are mostly mediums. When under spirit influence they are much excited, sometimes even to convulsions, and hence are but poor judges of passing events. They are often weak-minded, and generally females—not, however, weak-minded on that account. Is there nothing suspicious in the fact, that these mediums are so asleep, or entranced, or in the "interior state," as not to know what they do at the time? A Mr. Hammond has written a book called "Thomas Paine in the Spirit-World." The author claims to be a "writing medium." He says, "I would take my pen and place myself in the attitude of writing, when all thought would be wholly abstracted from my mind. As my thoughts vanished, my hand would write a word;

then I would know what that word was." Does any one believe a word of this? Does Mr. Hammond believe it himself? "*All thought abstracted,*" and he knew each word as he wrote it! Mr. Hammond is a lapsed Universalist preacher; and the whole effort of the book is to prove Universalism, by taking one of the vilest men earth ever tenanted, and making him the *superior and teacher* of all *orthodox* in the spirit-world, and then sending him back as a missionary to reform this. Mr. H. would have us believe, not only that Thomas Paine was saved, but that he was vastly happier and more elevated in his new home than others; that this profane, licentious, drunken blasphemer was worthy of, and had received a higher reward than the virtuous dead. If the author of that miserable book is so pressed with the difficulties of Universalism as to resort to this nude trick to sustain it, he is to be pitied.

It is required of the mediums to be quite "*passive*;" that is, give up their own judgment and be decided "*impressible*." The writer not long since heard one of their number, a medical doctor, say in a public meeting, "I never knew a vigorous and strong-minded person who was a medium. [He claimed to be one himself.] I do not believe that such a one can ever become one. It requires a person of light complexion, one in a negative, passive condition, of a nervous temperament, with cold hands, of a mild, impressible, and gentle disposition. Hence girls and females make the best mediums."

What does all this mean? If the influence operating is spiritual, why can not any one be a subject? Does Doctor N. know that he has described the very class of persons that are most imaginative, and who of all others are most easily deceived? Are such selected *because* they most readily conjure up an imaginary ghost?

Did all the prophets and apostles have *light complexions and cold hands*? What a misfortune in this day of spirit visits, to be possessed of a *strong intellect, or a dark skin*! Our colored friends must give it up in despair. We pity, but can not help them.

Another fact not a little difficult and suspicious about these human agents is, they are nearly all *skeptics*. The leaders and wire-pullers have been men free enough from any suspicion of orthodoxy. We can give a long list of editors, authors, writers, and mediums of the spiritual fraternity, who, previously to their present faith, denied many of the fundamental doctrines of the Bible. Dr. Hare recently announced in his notorious Tabernacle lecture, that he had been a skeptic.

They are constantly boasting that they have converted multitudes of skeptics. Converted them *from what? to what?* Verily their last state is worse than the first. How absurd and ridiculous that those persons who have all their lifetime been unbelievers, should all at once become the *favorites of the spirits and the reformers of the world*! These semi-infidel agents seem to have a special liking for the spirits of skeptics; their communications from such are long and frequent. If Mr. Wesley, Watts, Edwards, or Olin comes back to hold converse with these representatives of the pure faith, it is to *correct their former belief and lament their errors* while in the flesh. If Murry, or Voltaire, or Thomas Paine, it is to palliate former vices, wink at their errors, and then plunge up to the hilt into the established belief of the day. *Are skeptics the favorites of the spirits? if so, it will help us to judge of spirits themselves.*

There are two leading objects before the "rappers"—one is to subvert Christianity; the other to gain money. For five dollars these spirits—the mediums, disinterested souls!—examine a lock of hair, give a dose of pills, a restorative mixture, or a quieting powder. They have not informed the astonished inhabitants of the "earth sphere," whether they are allopathists, hydro-pathists, homeopathists, or eclectic. Has it come to this, that an impost must be levied upon communications from the other world! Why did not the prophets and apostles charge for the messages God sent from heaven through them? If this is a new revelation from God and eternity, it is the first one in which God has employed his agents to go about the country, as *itinerant mountebanks, exhibiting a panorama of furniture for a fee.*

Why do the spirits have mediums at all? Why not speak to the world and announce their messages? or write them? for we are informed that they have "*physical hands*," that these hands have been frequently handled, and are found to be very *cold*! Another phase of this subject will be examined in another number.

#### DECISION INDISPENSABLE.

SECULAR decision in business, literature, or politics, is a thing of great moment in such spheres of action; but *religious decision* is of the mightiest importance in every conceivable department of life. The former may be indispensable to make a great merchant, artist, scholar, or statesman; but the latter is indispensable to make a great man.



## DIFFICULTIES IN THE BIBLE.

THE school-book whose difficulties the pupil has mastered, has lost its educational worth. It has no longer a challenge to his faculties. Its suggestive force has been exhausted. If the Bible is always to be in our world as its teacher, must it not always have a something in it that man does not understand? Tell me of a period, when humanity in its progressive march shall have mastered every difficulty in the Bible, and you will tell me of a period when the Bible shall cease to be the teaching-book of the race. Intellect, in that Colossean age, will treat it as a vesture it has outgrown. Still more—its difficulties are as necessary for the training of the heart as the understanding. They make us sensible of our feebleness. They humble our proud spirits. They inspire us with stirring questions. They fill us with devout amazement and solemn awe. They appear to be somewhat analogous to the stupendous highlands and the deep glens—the yawning chasms and the circuitous rivers—the craggy rocks and the dashing seas, of a highly-picturesque and romantic territory; there is an air of grandeur—a *living spirit* of sublimity pervading the whole, which starts in the bosom of the spectator inspirations he could never feel amid the tame and monotonous in nature. Would I have all this removed from the Bible? Would I level its Alpine heights? Would I fill up its awful deeps? Would I make straight its labyrinthian rivers, and turn its shoreless oceans into lakes? No. It is when I look up at those dizzy altitudes, which I can not climb—down those abysses, which I have no plummet to sound—abroad on those oceans, through whose surges no human bark has ever steered its course, that I catch the apostolic inspiration, “O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!”

## VARIETY FOR THE SOUL.

To move forever in the same circle, though it be trod by angelic feet, gives no idea of happiness to me. Man has made the *routine* of labor—not God. The soul shrinks from it, and in it groans and sometimes dies. The “good works” for us can never be mere repetitions. God does not require us to repeat our deeds, as the carpenter the blows of his hammer; but as the trees of the forest repeat themselves in the birth of new plants, or as the seasons, under fresh aspects of beauty every year.

## LILY.

BORN JUNE 23, 1854: DIED AUGUST 21, 1855.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

LITTLE LILY is not in sight,  
Not on the porch, nor under the trees,  
Nor singing her sleepy song to-night,  
Laying across her mother's knees.  
She is not hiding her pretty eyes,  
With her pretty fingers, playing “peep;”  
Not in her dainty crib she lies,  
Covered softly, and fast asleep.

Lily is not wasting away,  
Growing thin, and wan, and white,  
Moaning and tossing all the day,  
Moaning and dozing all the night.  
She is not dying, turning to clay,  
Breathing painfully hard, and slow;  
Slipping her stiffening hand away  
From the heart that is breaking to see her go.

She is not lying, with limbs like wax,  
No: they were fairer than wax may be;  
And her hair was finer than finest flax,  
And her face was a blessing but to see.  
She can not be lying in the mold,  
Where the insects cry, and the winds make moan;  
We always wrapped her away from the cold,  
We never left her to sleep alone.

O, no; our Lily was not our own;  
Now I remember she was but lent,  
And for many a day my heart has known  
Where she is gone to, and why she went.  
This is a cold and dreary land,  
And the world above is a world of light;  
And she grows in the garden at God's right hand,  
Pure, and spotless, and very white.

## LABOR AND REST.

Two hands upon the breast,  
And labor's done;  
Two pale feet cross'd in rest,  
The race is won:  
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
And all tears cease;  
Two lips where grief is mute,  
And wrath at peace.  
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot:  
God in his kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work address,  
Ay, for His praise;  
Two feet that never rest,  
Walking His ways;  
Two eyes that look above  
Still, through all tears;  
Two lips that breathe but love,  
Never more fears.  
So cry we afterward, low at our knees:  
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear  
these!

## THE MISSION OF CHILDREN.

THE OPENING BUD.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

A GARDEN filled with flowers is an object of admiration to all. Not the refined and the highly cultivated alone love to gaze upon it, but the man of business will pause in the hurry of his feverish life, the pleasure-seeker will turn from his giddy allurements, and the sober and thoughtful from his silent meditations, to drink in the beauty of the scene. It has a charm for all—the high and the low, the rich and the poor, and the beggar, covered with his rags—sad insignia of poverty and neglect—will bow down and drink from the nectar-cup of the rose, with as keen a relish as the wisest philosopher or the richest lord.

But while all have a meed of praise for the full-blown flower, resplendent with the glory of its mature beauty, there is in the green bud just opening its ruby lips to sip the sunny dew a charm of indescribable tenderness. Robed in its simplicity, and hidden away, it may be, beneath some friendly leaf, like a sweet infant nestling to its mother's heart, none but the coarsest nature can resist the influence of its silent pleadings; and true to the instincts of her spirit-life, the little girl will hail its discovery with a cry of delight, and, kneeling by its side, will press it to her lips with as much tenderness as she would kiss the fragrance from the rosy lips of her infant brother.

And why is that little bud so lovely? It is not simply the symmetry of its form, nor its modest robe of green, that invests it with so much interest; but there is hidden within it the germ of beauty—the promise of future loveliness. Mysteriously concealed within those folded petals is a charm which needs but the breath of the fair goddess to disclose; and to watch its unfolding—to catch the first gleam of its beauty and the first breathings of its fragrance, is often a more delightful employment than to gaze upon the full-blown flower, and trace the perfections of its mature loveliness.

Faintly shadowed by this emblem is the peculiar interest with which every infant is invested. It lies in the mother's arms a moral rose-bud, nestling beneath the protecting shade of the parent vine. With all the mysteries of its destiny hidden away in the flower-cup of the soul, it is an object of absorbing solicitude. To trace its future, to weave for its brow a beautiful crown, to search for the hidden channels of its prospective greatness and glory, to form for it an ideal

character of excellence, when the angel of instruction shall have opened its now folded petals, and fed and nurtured the soul, is the welcome task of maternal love, as she sits, for weary days and sleepless nights, guarding its infant helplessness.

Let us, then, fair reader, sit down beside this moral rose-bud and watch the unfolding of its tender petals. As the angel hovers near to do the bidding of the Infinite, and gently turns back each flower-leaf, letting in the glad, golden sunlight upon the heart, we discover upon each tiny part the impress of principles born of the wisdom and power of God—the embodiment of the future man. And these principles inhere in the soul not as instincts, to be developed by the natural progress of the child from childhood to youth, and from youth to age, but, rather, as germs of intelligence and moral worth, to be expanded and polished by culture, or dwarfed and dimmed by neglect.

Here, perhaps first, we discover the seal of intellect. The eye of the child soon loses its vacant look and kindles with the glow of internal light. The great work of sentient being has commenced, and appliances of future power and pleasure are beginning to be wrought out in this laboratory of the soul. Very early the child begins to know. It shrinks from the arms of a stranger and nestles to the heart of its mother. It waves its little hand at the departure of the father to his daily toil, and crows with delight at his evening return. It learns a thousand things from observation and experience, even in the first year of its life. It can distinguish with unerring certainty between the tones of approval and command, of permission and prohibition. At a single glance it reads the mother's heart and smiles at her look of joy, or throws its little arms of sympathy around her neck in her hour of grief.

And when the little one has gained the power of independent locomotion, how rapid are his intellectual developments! Every sense is an avenue to the soul, through which the thousand influences of his expanding life come teeming with the products of knowledge. The tendencies of his mind are all outward. Like the vine, its first dawning is a reaching after the untried and the unknown, and winding the tendrils of its spirit around every known object, and clinging to every crevice and cavity, it climbs up and up, and reaches out farther and still farther into the untried future. The elements above, around, and beneath him—nature, animate and inanimate—have each a finger beneath whose touch some latent germ of intellect is quickened into

action, and sends out its green blade of life to be nurtured by the providence of the ever-watchful Father into healthful and prolific maturity.

Very early the child becomes a partner in the household, and his quick ear detects and his ever-active mind digests what is there said. How very much that is deemed too deep for his understanding, or as altogether above his power of comprehension, he easily and clearly understands! And many a parent has been astonished to discover the fruits of intellectual action on his little boy—action which was incited by some unguarded expression in his presence, deemed as altogether above his comprehension, who, had he but glanced back at his own childhood, would have learned from his own experience that children's *power to know* is always far in advance of their *actual knowledge*.

That fair-haired boy of three golden summers, who is listening so attentively to the conversation of the home-circle, turning in seeming wonder from one speaker to another, with his mimic horse and cart standing all untouched by his side, is learning to think, to analyze, to compare, to know. He is increasing his mental store. These conversations, which are so much above and beyond him, have, nevertheless, some pendant branches—some known words and familiar figures—upon which the eager spirit seizes to draw itself above and beyond its present sphere; and the busy bee, in the sunny morn of spring, does not speed from flower to flower with more alacrity, or sip the honey-drop from each nectar-cup with a keener relish than the child hastens from object to object, of the untried and unknown, and bows down and drinks from each newly discovered fount of knowledge.

"Sooner than we are aware," says the gifted Mrs. Sigourney, "little folks make application of sentiments that seemed to have been learned only by rote. A very young child had heard Watts's hymn for mothers repeated and, perhaps, sung.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,"

had its usually soothing, tranquilizing influence. Perhaps nothing more was expected.

"Some bread and milk was once given her for supper, in which she expressed much satisfaction, calling it '*dood*,' and adding with animation,

"All my wants are well supplied."

Another "little boy of between two and three years, was seated by his mother while she was engaged in knitting. She saw that he took in his hand a few knitting-needles from her basket, and said, 'Do not lose mother's needles.' Soon

after she heard him soliloquizing with great gravity of manner:

"'Lose my mother's needles! No! no, indeed! For if I should lose my mother's needles, I should be *despised*. And when I grew up to be a man, and they asked me, '*Where are those needles?*'" what should I say?"

"It was not known that he had possessed himself of the word '*despised*' till the present use of it."

And such incidents as the above are of everyday occurrence in the domestic circle. Every mother can give us scores of them, all tending to illustrate the early development of the young mind.

But as the angel turns back those fragrant flower-leaves, and discloses more and more of what is really in the heart of this moral bud, we discover the germs of other principles awaiting the action of some external element to quicken them into active life. Not only is there in the child the germ of intellect, but of sensation and volition also. He knows, he feels, and he wills, and this not *after* he has been nurtured into maturity alone, but even while he lies in his mother's arms or prattles by her side. What makes that little one throw his arms around her neck and cover her with his kisses? Why does the little laughing daughter of three leave her play a score of times in a day and peep into the cradle or climb her mother's knee to caress her baby brother? Love is growing in that little heart. And what mean those cries, those tears, the threatening gesture of the eyes, sparkling with rage, in an infant when resolved to gain his point, or when inflamed with jealousy? In that heart evil passions are also growing.

"I have seen," says Augustine, "a child burning with jealousy. He could not yet utter a word, but with a pale countenance could cast a furious look at another child who was nursing with him at the same breast."

A friend of mine has a beautiful pair of twins, now a little more than a year old. Let but the attention of the family, and especially of the father, preponderate in favor of either one, and immediately the other exhibits every characteristic of jealousy—not only manifesting its desires to share the caresses which the other is receiving, but showing most plainly its jealous anger against the more fortunate sister. The heart of these little ones is beginning to open, and passions are springing into activity.

The principles of volition are also seemingly connatural, in the soul of the child, with those of intellect and sensation. The little one often

acts out his "wills" and his "won'ts" long before he can embody these principles in language. He will soon oppose his will to the desires and commands even of his parents; and very severe are the measures sometimes necessarily resorted to, to break this will and secure from the child submission to parental authority.

"John," said a father to his little boy some three or four years old, "will you please come and say your letters?" John came very reluctantly, for he happened to be in a rather sullen humor, and did not feel disposed to gratify his father. "What letter is that, John?" asked the father, pointing to the first letter of the alphabet. He could get no answer. "My son," said the father pleasantly, "you know the letter A." "I can't say A," replied John. "You must," said the father in a serious and decided tone. But still the boy persisted that he could not say A; and it was not till he had been severely whipped, nor, indeed, till the chastisement had been many times repeated, and the father began to tremble at the result of more physical pain, and hours had passed in the struggle, that the will of that little boy submitted to his father's authority and said his lesson.

There, in that example of infant perversity, was the element of manhood's strength of purpose and energy of decision. That boy was an infant Wellington, and needed but the strengthening of years to enable him to stand amid the booming of the cannon and the carnage of death, and sway, by the almost omnific energy of his individual will, the volitions of a hundred thousand men.

The first ray of golden light that gleams in upon the heart of the opening bud, leaves there its impress; and that little flower is ever after changed by the action of that ray of light. So, too, of the first whispering of the zephyr, the first kiss of the breeze, the first sip of the dew, or the sweeping of the first rude storm. There are agencies prepared by nature for nourishing and maturing the beauty and perfection of that little plant.

And no less sensitive is the soul of the child to the first influences which it receives from external objects. The loving caress, the smile, the soothing tones of the voice, the gentle motion, and all the many appliances of maternal love for the comfort of her darling, are to its sensitive soul, in the first stages of its development, what the light, the zephyr, the breeze, and the dew are to the opening bud. Home scenes and home influences—towering mountains and sunny vales—singing birds and murmuring rivulets—the golden

sun and the diamond stars—the zephyr's kiss and the angry storm—these are the many teachers which nature has given to the young spirit, as the eye of the boy wanders away from his mother's smile, and he withdraws his hand from hers, and goes out to look upon the great world for himself. These teachers cluster around him; and as the angel opens each channel to his beating heart, they breathe in upon the soul, and whisper to the spirit, and lay their many fingers upon the cords and sensitive nerves of the heart, and awake the whole immortal being to a thrilling eagerness to explore and know the untried future.

And thus, dear reader, we have endeavored to glance in upon the elements of the soul, as we have sat and watched the angel of Instruction unfolding its powers, and quickening into active life its dormant energies. We have looked till its threefold nature has been clearly developed, and the child, which at first lay sleeping in perfect helplessness in its mother's arms—the most unpromising even of animals—has, in a day, as it were, grown into early maturity, and now stands before us with flashing eye, and flushed cheek, and form erect—the very impersonation of a *thinking, feeling, willing being*.

## GOING TO THE GRAVE TO WEEP.

BY E. L. BICKNELL.

"She goeth unto the grave to weep there."—JOHN XI, 31.

FULL many lonely walks are taken,  
Full many solemn vigils kept;  
Stars have watched the bitter waking,  
While the tearless eye hath slept.  
Mourner, mourning by the grave-side,  
Strengthened by the heart's dull grief-tide.

How links of strange, undying fastness,  
Bindeth love to the clay below!  
The spirit, too, now in the vastness  
Of the dim world, where all must go.  
Where the grass and frail flower bendeth,  
Prayer, from woman bowed, ascendeth.

And many yearning thoughts have striven  
To win the dweller from the tomb;  
Earth may not join what death hath riven;  
Naught brings the blasted rose its bloom.  
Yet mortal eyes are red with weeping  
For hopes which perished from their keeping.

Yet on those tears a rainbow lieth,  
Each buried hope springs forth again;  
The seed bears not, unless it dieth,  
The blossom or the goodly grain.  
The resurrection, blessed token!  
Christ, to a weeping world, hath spoken.



## CURIOSITIES OF BURIAL.

THE recent attempt of a Russian from the Crimea to burn the body of his wife at Milwaukie, produced not a little excitement in that city, and has elicited not a little attention and remark from every part of the nation. We take the incident as a text for some dottings upon the curiosities of burial among both ancients and moderns.

The rites of sepulture engaged the most serious attention of almost all ancient nations. Their noblest edifices were most frequently their tombs; and the chief pride of the living was the magnificence with which they interred the bodies of their dead.

Egypt excelled all other lands in the splendor of her tombs: the Lybian and Arabian mountains are strewed with them, and the pyramids are the monuments of kings. There is something touching in the yearning toward immortality that prompted this race to perpetuate their bodies in spices, and their fame in hieroglyphics, both of which have endured till their nation has passed away, and their very language become a mystery.

When a wealthy Egyptian died, his body was removed and embalmed by the physicians, who appear to have united the profession of a surgeon with the business of a barber. The process of embalming was both tedious and expensive—occupying seventy days in the performance.

The brains were first extracted, being scooped out at the nostrils, and the cranium filled with spices. The stomach and entrails were next removed, and their places supplied with myrrh, cassia, and other spices. The body was then laid soaking in niter for the period just named; and at the expiration of the seventy days it was withdrawn from the niter and wrapt in bandages, which were of various colors—generally brown, buff, or maroon, but sometimes salmon-color, and even blue. These bandages were covered with pitch and gums, and adhered closely to the figure of the deceased: the face was frequently gilded, and the hair cut off and wrapt in a cloth-roll at the head of the coffin. The mummy was then returned to its kindred, and was by them adorned with rich jewels, and placed in a superb case, ready for the ceremony of conveying it to the ancestral sepulchers. A diadem was placed upon the head; the arms were covered with bracelets, and the fingers with rings of gold, and ivory, and engraved carnelian; a fillet of beads was suspended round the neck, and a pectoral plate representing the gods was laid upon the breast. Corn, papyrus, wooden combs, and sepulchral

images were laid in the coffin beside him; and these latter generally represented the deceased in an Osirian dress; one hand holding an ax, the other a hoe, and the cord of a small, flat basket which was hanging at the back. Thus attired, he was supposed to enter the Hapi-moou, or Elysian fields, where he would be engaged in agricultural pursuits. The rolls of papyrus were inscribed with prayers to Osiris and Charon, for the safe conduct of the body over the lake, at the opposite shore of which lay the City of the Dead; that is, the Necropolis, or burial-ground.

But before the ceremony of interment could take place, a solemn judgment had to be pronounced upon the dead by more than forty judges, who assembled on the opposite shores of the lake to pass sentence, and hear any accusations that might be produced against him. If it were shown that he had led an evil life, the honor of burial was refused him; but if otherwise, all present joined in his praises and in the performance of the ceremony. The corpse was then deposited in the sepulchral boat or canoe, and laid upon a bier, under a rich canopy supported by four columns, with capitals carved in the form of a lotus; the female mourners sat at the head and feet, and at the left side stood the priest, clothed in a leopard-skin—a garment to which some idea of peculiar sanctity was attached—and reading from a roll of papyrus. Before him was placed a large vase, and a similar one at the prow of the vessel, with an altar and a burning sacrifice. The rower sat in the stern, and plied two oars or paddles. Thus the body was conveyed across and deposited in the sepulcher.

In ancient Greece the bodies of the dead were consumed by fire. The Athenians occasionally interred their bodies in the earth, but it appears that by law the practice of burning was enjoined. When persons of rank died, the whole city mourned; schools, senate, temples, and all places of public concourse were shut up. At the end of the third day the funeral pyre was prepared: this was large in proportion to the wealth and station of the deceased, and consisted of the trunks of trees laid crosswise in the form of a bier. The body was then laid on the top; spices, frankincense, myrrh, and perfumed oil were heaped over it; and the friends of the departed cut long locks off their hair, and cast them upon it. The eyes of the dead were opened, that they might look toward heaven; and his garments were laid upon the pyre. The last valediction was then pronounced three times by the attendants, and the nearest relative kindled the pile with his face turned away from it, invoking the

assistance of the gods that the winds might fan the flame and speedily reduce the body to ashes. While it was burning, those around poured libations of wine upon the fire, and called loudly upon the name of the dead.

After the bodies were thus destroyed the ashes were collected into urns by the survivors, and interred in costly sepulchers. Rings, pieces of money, cups of precious metals, lamps, and vessels containing aromatic liquids, have been discovered in these cinerary urns; and at the time of consigning them to the tomb, we are told by the poets, that they were wreathed with amaranth and myrtle, and clothed in silk and linen. When the ashes of Hector were buried, Homer says:

"The snowy bones his friends and brothers place—  
With tears collected—in a golden vase;  
The golden vase in purple palls they rolled,  
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold."

A high degree of romance was attached to this mode of burial among the Hellenic heroes. Even in death, and in the last resting-place, friendship subsisted in the urn as it had subsisted in life. The dust of Achilles was mingled, at his death, with that of Patroclus; and Artemisia, queen of Caria, loved her husband Mausolus with such infinite tenderness that she caused his ashes to be fused in a liquid, which she drank. It was a consolation to such affectionate natures to know that they should be neighbors in the sepulcher, and even to have their urns placed side by side, with the names and inscriptions touching each other.

The practice of burning the dead among the ancient Romans was attended with numerous and pompous ceremonies, and existed from a remote period. The deceased remained for seven days unburied, and on each day was washed with hot water and fragrant oils, that in case he only slumbered he might thus be awakened. In pursuance of this last chance, his friends, when they met around the corpse, uttered a loud shout—*conclamatio*—of lamentation, hoping thus to break his slumbers. The third and last conclamation was on the seventh day; when, if he still remained silent and motionless, his body was embalmed, richly clothed, and placed on a couch near the door, with his feet toward the street—to signify that he had no more to do with life or with his home, but now only looked forth upon the road to his grave. The business of the funeral was intrusted to the *libitinarii*, or undertakers, whose profession it was to execute these last offices of the dead. These functionaries erected a funeral-altar beside the body of the deceased, on which his friends offered incense daily; they also gar-

nished the gates of his mansion with boughs of cypress; but this latter was only done in the case of a man of birth or fortune. On the seventh day the people were assembled together by a crier, who went through the streets proclaiming the ceremony of interment. When all were met together, friends and strangers, the last conclamation was given; the bed was then adorned with a purple covering, and a trumpeter led the way, followed by a body of old women called *præfæcæ*, singing praises of the departed. If he had held any office in the state during life, waxen images of all his predecessors were borne before him in the procession. The body then came, lying upon a couch, which was carried by his nearest relatives, and was followed by his children, kindred, friends, and attendants, clothed in deep mourning. The corpse was then deposited in the Forum before the *rostra*, and the next of kin pronounced a funeral oration, which chiefly consisted of commendations on the life and virtues of the departed, and which also alluded to the services of his predecessors. If none of his kinsmen would venture on this public display of eloquence, some learned orator in the city was engaged to fulfill the office. The highest attainment of happiness, in the opinion of Pliny the Younger, was for a distinguished Roman to receive the last commendatory honors from the lips of the eloquent Tacitus. The oration concluded, the corpse was then conveyed to the *pyra*, or funeral pile, and there consumed. His friends first cut off one of the fingers, to be interred with a separate solemnity. When all was burned, and the flames quenched with libations of wine, the ashes were gathered together and placed in an urn; the priests sprinkled the assembled company with clean water; the oldest of the *præfæcæ* crying aloud "*ilicet*," dismissed all present, and the people retired, with a formal farewell to the ashes of the dead.

The urn was then deposited in a sepulcher, and surmounted by a monument: one of these, in the Campagna of Rome, which is yet standing, has been celebrated by Lord Byron, in *Childe Harold*, in the verses beginning,

"There is a stern round tower of other days:"

it was erected by a Roman knight to the memory of his wife. Another is the tomb of Caius Cestius, an old majestic pyramid which stands in a quiet spot, now the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, where so many of our countrymen have found their last home, and where Keats and Shelley sleep beneath the violets which bloom there in unexampled luxuriance.

The three nations to which our observations

have hitherto been confined—the three greatest of antiquity—with rare exceptions, burned the bodies of their dead; but to many an ancient people this practice was abhorrent, especially to such as worshiped fire or the sun. These deemed it a pollution of that deity to offer in his element the last relics of mortality.

The Chaldeans—otherwise known as the Babylonians—were worshipers of the igneous principle. In the remotest periods they limited their adoration to the sun and moon; but soon multiplied their divinities, by deifying Bel or Belus, one of their kings, and by worshiping Venus under the name of Mylitta. This people deemed it a sacrilege to the sun to consume the dead by fire; they accordingly embalmed the bodies in honey, and so preserved them. Their funeral ceremonies and lamentations greatly resembled those of the Egyptians.

From the same superstition the gentle and persecuted sect of the Parsees—known likewise by the opprobrious name of Guebres in India—object to cremation as a burial rite. They practice the singular custom of exposing their dead to be devoured by birds of prey, rather than burn or bury them. M. Niebuhr, in his narrative of eastern travels, says of this proceeding: "I saw on a hill at Bombay a round tower, covered with planks of wood, on which the Parsees lay out their dead bodies. When the flesh is devoured they remove the bones into two chambers at the bottom of the tower.

The Magians, an ancient religious sect of Persia, whence the Parsees likewise dated their origin, were worshipers of God, whom they adored in fire, which was esteemed by them as the brightest and noblest symbol of his divinity. These people, equally scrupulous, discountenanced the burning of their dead, and, being desirous of preserving only the bones of their relatives, gave over the rest of the body for the prey of vultures and dogs.

The Bactrians, who were the inhabitants of an ancient kingdom of Asia, now called Khorassan—the same in which Thomas Moore laid the scene of one of his eastern legends in *Lalla Rookh*—followed the same practices as the Magi, though in a more barbarous manner. The original race of Bactrians were a warlike and savage tribe of nomadic habits, and were considered the best soldiers in the world. Their appearance was very terrible, being of enormous stature, and wearing rough beards, and long hair streaming down upon their shoulders. These barbarians not only suffered the corpses of their friends and relatives to be eaten by dogs, but, it is said, kept

large and savage ones to devour such as lived to an extreme age, or who were enfeebled and useless through long sickness. On this subject Camden relates, that "never any neglected burial but some savage nations, as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mæcenas, who were wont to say,

*'Non tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictos.'*

*'I'm careless of a grave; Nature her dead will save.'*"

The Scythians had a mode of burial, or rather non-burial, peculiarly their own. They objected to burial in the earth, drowning in the sea, and destruction by fire; and having thus rejected three of the elements, made choice of the fourth, and suspended the bodies in the air. Ælian records that the dead were sewed up first in skins, for fear that birds of prey should devour them; they were then suspended on the branches of trees, and so gradually decayed, the sport of every breath and every storm. In one district of Scythia the lamenting friends and weeping relatives of the departed testified the depth of their grief and the height of their affection, by eating him—the extent of their love being gauged by the extent of their appetite.

The ancient Germans, who believed that none would be admitted to the paradise of Odin but such as died sword in hand, or, at all events, who had signalized themselves by martial exploits, used to bewail the fate of such of their countrymen as lived to an old age, considering it dishonorable in this life and hopeless in the next. In pursuance of this belief, they had a custom of affectionately hastening them on their road to heaven, to preserve them from lingering ignominiously on earth. Servants, sick persons, parents, wives and children, were treated all alike; and sometimes they even extended the practice to themselves. This barbarous system prevailed in Germany till the commencement of the fourteenth century. If the intended victims desired their fate, or were prepared cheerfully to submit to what they knew was inevitable, their judicial murder was preceded by a fast, and their funeral was celebrated with a feast, in which a profuse hospitality was the principal feature: mead and beer were placed in abundance before the guests; and the exit of the father, mother, or brother, as the case might be, was the signal for their lamenting survivors to indulge in an excess of drunkenness. If, on the contrary, the victim was averse to his departure, and endeavored to shun it, the ceremonies took place in silence and the deepest mourning, as a signal of their shame and

grief at his cowardly terrors. Their funerals were performed with the utmost plainness, the only pomp in which they indulged on the occasion being to burn the bodies of their great warriors on a funeral pyre of some peculiar kinds of wood.

The mode of sepulture employed by the ancient Britons is involved in much obscurity. It has been supposed by some antiquaries that cremation was not introduced till the time of the Roman invasion; but this is expressly confuted by a remarkable passage in Pomponius Mela, wherein he states that the Druids and high-priests of Britain taught the doctrine of the immortality of the soul to the youths, their disciples; and that they exhorted them to courage and fearlessness in war, that they might enjoy happiness in a future state. Therefore they burned and interred with the bodies of the dead such things as they had most needed during life.

The funeral rites of the Hebrews were very solemn and magnificent. When any Hebrew died, his friends and relatives rent their clothes—a custom still imitated by the modern Jews, who cut away a small piece of their garment as a token of affliction. They used then to bend the thumb of the deceased into the palm of his hand, and fasten it by a thong in that position; because the thumb then having the figure of the name of God, they supposed that the devil would not dare to approach him. When the procession arrived at the place of cremation or sepulture, they addressed the dead in somewhat the following manner: "Blessed be God, who has formed thee, fed thee, maintained thee, and taken away thy life. O dead! he knows your numbers, and shall one day restore your life!" Then followed a funeral oration or eulogium in honor of the deceased; a practice borrowed probably from the Romans. A prayer was then offered up, called the Righteousness of Judgment—the face of the deceased was turned toward heaven—the priests bade him "Go in peace," and no more remained to be done save the inhumation in the bosom of the kindly earth, or the more spiritualized and cleanly burning with fire. Like the Greeks, the Hebrews believed that pollution was received in touching the body of a dead person; and in the manner in which they washed and anointed the bodies of the departed, their funeral music, and their funeral feasts, we can not but observe the many points of resemblance between their ceremonies and those of the various classic and barbarous nations of which we have previously treated.

Our space is exhausted, but we may return to

the subject, and give some curiosities of burial among the moderns.

## SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I MARK'D the first faint flush of day  
Upon the orient sky—  
The gathering brightness that each ray  
Spread to the zenith high.  
How softly shone the silvery mist  
That o'er the valleys hung!  
How brightly gleamed the truant rills  
The little hills among!  
And O, how sweetly was the bird's  
Rich, joyous matin sung!  
And so, I thought, the Christian's life  
Begins with feeble ray,  
But brightens silently until  
Appears the perfect day.

I saw the sun go down at sea;  
The ocean's glittering breast  
Had mirrored all the iris hues  
That graced the glowing west.  
And softly—one by one—died out  
Each tint of beauty rare,  
Until the cloudless evening sky  
Was left unmantled there;  
Until the distant shimmering stars  
Shone 'mid the ether fair.  
And so, I thought, the Christian dies;  
Such is his life's fair even;  
So tranquilly he shuts his eyes  
To wake, at morn, in heaven.

## TO ALICE CARY.

BY KATE BRADFORD.

SEATED in the starless gloaming,  
Restless thought wearily roaming,  
With the shadows on the floor,  
Came an angel to my door;  
In her hand a crystal chalice,  
And she said her name was Alice—  
Sweeter name than e'er before.

Glad I drank from the full chalice,  
Tendered me by gentle Alice,  
Till the free thoughts, brimming o'er,  
Reached e'en to my sad heart's core;  
Through its ev'ry fiber stealing  
With a sweetly wondrous healing,  
And I talked with grief no more.

Then I said a queenly palace  
Were but meet for gifted Alice,  
And of love the richest store;  
Calm she sat within the door,  
While her earnest eyes seemed gazing  
Far above my earthly praising,  
To the loved ones "gone before."



## GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

CLYDE SUTVEN'S STORY.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

**M**Y life, which is now past meridian, and whose shadow at last, thank Heaven! falls back toward morning—my life has been a series of good resolutions, none fulfilled, all ending in remorse. O if all those vaporing resolves had crystallized into solid deeds! Yet who knows but what my regretful experience has bettered me more than any deeds could have done? At least it has taught me humility; whereas they might have inflated me with self-sufficiency, and kept me unthoughtful of my dependence on Almighty. Indeed, I have faith to think that some earthly sorrows are unfledged joys that shall take wing in heaven. But none the less on that account do I grieve that I should have sinned my years away in imbecile to-days and resolute to-morrows, till now I am in the afternoon of life, with my clear sky all toward the sundown. Though the clouds are all behind me now, yet they project their gloom and mingle it with my sunshine, and I go down to the night with a tinge of memory in my brightest hopes, that makes me more diffident of good resolutions and more confident of Providence.

But I set out to tell you a story of my life, and not to moralize—my life, which has been for the most part a monotonous train of omissions and procrastinations of duty. The events, however, which I choose for present narration, form a tragic exception to the general evenness of my history, and intensely illustrate its whole character.

I was a senior soph at Cambridge University, England, and had attained my eighteenth year of age. Of a quick and generous temperament, reared by the fondest and truest of mothers, and trained by the best of fathers, I had brought to college a heart as gentle and innocent as a young girl's, and a mind possessing considerable native vigor, and burning with thirst for knowledge. I had come with good resolutions. My dear mother, when, on the old door-steps at home, bidding me go, and still—God bless her!—all the while hugging me closer to her bosom, as though she never meant to let me go—had sobbed, "Good-by, Clyde! keep near to God, Clyde! and O, remember how we love you!" I—pardon my emotion—I had come to remember *that*, you may be sure. And my serious and manly father, accompanying me to the nearest post-town, and taking both my hands in his at parting, had almost squeezed the blood out of the finger-ends,

and then turned away without saying a word; though what his heaving bosom said, though what his glistening eye and quivering lip said, what his rapid and groping walk said, as through my tears I watched him going home across the fields—what all these said to my heart, I had come with the good resolution to wear within it always, as a talisman against wrong. And when I got upon the stage-coach and was whirled away toward what seemed to me the starting-point of manhood, I resolved that nothing on earth should ever for one moment come between my soul and that home goodness which was then swelling in my throat and streaming from my eyes.

It had now been more than two years, as I said, and I was a senior soph. I had been home several times during the period; but the feelings with which I had at first left it never repeated themselves to me. My resolution had gone for nothing; many things had come between me and that childish home goodness: I could part from my mother almost gayly now, though I thought I loved her quite as well as ever, only with a more manly affection. My father, whom I had learned to style "the Governor," kept me bountifully supplied with means, for he was in good circumstances, and I lavished them on pleasures that brought me nothing but pain, since my indulgence in them was against my conscience and against my resolutions. The home influence was always whispering within me, though I had not the constancy and courage to let it utter itself out and aloud. My mother's parting words, "Keep near to God, Clyde! and O, remember how we love you!" smote upon my heart in the darkness and in solitude; but in the light and in society they were not distinct, thrilling, sobbing words any more, they were merely a vague and dim influence, faded far and lost in my soul; yet that influence toned down my spirit below the pitch of my companions' boisterous merriment, and in our convivial celebrations obtained for me the soubriquet of "Monk Sutven." I have observed that nicknames given us by our familiars are generally apt and characteristic: this one bestowed on me certainly was; for in all our carousals I appeared more like a monk doing penance than like a wassailer enjoying good cheer. True, I joked, and laughed, and toasted, and harangued; but I did it all as a comedian might be supposed to play, whose profession, though it consists with his taste, violates his better nature: he loves the life he leads, yet hates himself for loving what he believes to be wrong.

During the whole period since I had first left my mother sobbing on the old door-step at home,

till now, I had been wandering farther and farther away from the good resolution I have told you of, and getting lower and lower in profanity, and intemperance, and worthlessness. Time after time I used to sit alone in my room and resolve, with my right arm uplifted and tears in my eyes, that I would throw it all off—all this glamour of evil—and begin to live a new life—to-morrow! To-morrow! what a will-o'-the-wisp it is, forever dancing before us to the dark, dank grave! To-morrow! what a rainbow it is, a little beyond us on the dark cloud of the future!—a rainbow whose end, rich in legendary treasures, we shall never reach, never. To-morrow became to-day, and to-day went pushing forward and still keeping to-morrow crowded out of existence; and I continually remained a *future man*, with only the night before to-morrow between me and reformation. O had I but bridged that intervening darkness with one oaken resolve! But my resolves were not of oak; they were of hollow reed.

One morning, after a night of dissipation and revelry, the mail brought me letters from home. My mother's I opened first, of course. I have the letter here in my desk, and I will read parts of it to you:

"MY DEAR BOY,—How much your last letter gladdened my heart I will not undertake to express. I rejoice to learn that you are making such progress in your studies, and, more than all, that you hold fast to that goodness which you say you have got in your heart from my kisses and tears, and from your father's earnest, yet gentle teachings. O Clyde! you can not know from words, nor even from those kisses and tears, half the affection I feel for you. You are the only child that God has blessed us with; you have always been fond and obedient; and how could a mother less than love such a child with all a mother's heart? Often and often I pray that I may not have loved you too well; that I may not thus have detracted from that resolute energy so needful to the manly character, and weakened your self-reliance. . . . You say that many of your fellow-scholars are intemperate and profane. O, my dear son, as though I had warned you with my dying breath, do not associate with them! While you are educating the head, O do not let such society be educating the heart! Think if you should return to me with the best education and the highest glory in the world, and yet with your bright, blue eye fiery and bloodshot, and your soul full of strange, dreadful sins. O, it would kill your poor mother to see!"—

But take the letter and finish it yourself, if

you will: I can not, though I have not tried to read it aloud before for twenty years.

It makes you weep; but you would not have thought—would you?—that it could stifle the voice of a grave old man like me. Well, here is one less impassioned, which will cost us fewer tears to read:

"CLYDE SUTVEN.—DEAR SON,—As your mother is engaged in a lengthy answer to your last cheering letter to us, I shall write only a few lines at present, merely to testify that I do not forget you. Your mother's health is still very delicate, and I shall be glad when you can come home, she seems so desolate and home seems so lonesome without you. Attend to her admonitions, my son, and do nothing but what you feel sure she would approve; for what she says is as though an angel had said it.

"I inclose you fifty pounds, which, with what I sent you on the first instant, ought to carry you through till vacation. If, however, more is needed, do not hesitate to inform me, as I wish you to have all, for comfort and appearance, that a liberal and cultivated young gentleman in your position ought to have. Write often, that we may know that you are still firm in all manly duty, resolute against wrong, and not forgetful of your fond mother, nor of

"Your affectionate father,

"RICHARD SUTVEN."

What do you imagine I did after having perused these two letters, but sit and sob like a child? A long time I wept before I could find heart to read them over again. The perfect confidence they implied of my rectitude stung me to the very soul. That I should be deceiving, with such monstrous hypocrisy, my angelic mother, whom I might any day be called home to see in her coffin! O! this remorse cut in my heart till I almost shrieked with agony. The punishment seemed greater than I could bear. I thought I must drown my consciousness, for this one time more, in drink, or go mad. I would now, for the last time, steep my soul in the fiery nepenthe—now for the last time—and thenceforth be reformed forever and ever. This was my resolution. I took the decanter from my side-board and poured out enough of the fluid flame to fight down the flame that was burning in my brain, and drank it off. Its potent and magical witchery went flushing to my cheeks and flashing out at my eyes, quenching every tear there, and electrifying me into that existence which has neither past nor present, neither hopes nor memories, but which is an irresponsible and immemorable now. I dreamed—God forgive me!

but I dreamed—that “the Governor’s” letter was the more valuable of the two, since it contained fifty pounds, and that hers—I dared not dream the dear name of *mother* in this connection—hers was too lachrymose and sentimental entirely; and I tossed them both into my drawer, and locked them away from sight. I would have drank deeper and dreamed myself farther out of the world of thought, only I had enough consciousness left to remember that I must acquit myself of my recitations first, or be exposed to censure and disgrace. I have a dim, drowsy recollection of the day’s college duties, of my success, with my good fellows’ adroit assistance, in concealing my condition from the faculty, and of the beginning of a carousal at night in my room with half a dozen mates—only the beginning, however, can I in the slightest degree recall; for my recollection of personal identity very suddenly tapers down from there into the profoundest oblivion.

When I waked in the morning I found my room in a chaos of disorder, books tossed and papers littered over the floor, chairs overturned, stumps of segars on the mantle and on the sofa, and—which explained all—the center-table overwhelmed with bottles and glasses, some broken, some overset, and mostly empty. Then I was a child again; the warning, imploring words of my mother recurred vividly to my returned reason, and I lay there and struggled with my anguish. After some time—a long time it was, reader—I rose and—resolved.

Having bathed myself and restored my room to such a condition as not to excite the suspicion of the servant, I set about my studies with determination, and even alacrity. Toward noon, when now I had acquired confidence in my power of self-control, and thoroughly confirmed myself in the purpose of present and complete reformation, the following missive was thrown in at my door:

“BUREAU OF FUDGE AFFAIRS,

“Wednesday, 10 A. M.

“To his Worship Monk Sutven,

“Bishop of Decanterbury, as:—

“A few officials of the Department of the Interior will assemble to-night, *sub vigiliam secundam*, in conclave 59, where, though a quorum be not present, a *quid pro quo*—gin, old port, and smacking brandy—will be supplied; and the scribe hereof would not hesitate to be surprised if some accumulated business were not got through with on the occasion. The specialty on the tapis will be *tollere veterum puerum*. You are hereby commanded to have the body of Monk Sutven before

this worthy synod at the time without delay, if he is to be found in your bailiwick.

“Respectfully yours,

“LITTLE BOY BLUE, *Sec. Fudge Affairs.*”

My first impulse, on the perusal of this note, was to tear it in pieces and quietly pursue my studies as if I had never received it; but that impulse was only one of my good resolutions, and in a moment I caught myself reading the facetious note again. And then I began to reflect: “There can be no harm, certainly, in meeting with them to-night, if I don’t drink. Indeed, I think I ought to apprise them of my resolution, so that they may not importune me any more, and that I may thus be rid of further temptation. Besides, I may induce some of them to follow my example. And even if I should take a glass or so, it will be only a farewell potation, my last, and I will tell them so—my very last. It seems to me this will be more manly than to *latitate*, as ‘Little Boy Blue’ would say, alone in my room, ashamed of my reform and afraid of temptation.”

I thus argued myself into another compromise with myself, and procrastinated my life again, purposing still to be a new man to-morrow. And what is most strange, I felt satisfied with this conclusion. All day I thought of that evening as the turning-point in my destiny, and I felt firm that I should rise the next morning rejuvenated in the goodness I had fetched in my childish heart from home. The anticipation was pleasant to me; and I meditated how I would relate to my parents the danger when the danger was over, and bless them for my redemption.

At nine o’clock I proceeded to 59, and with a gentle, cabalistic rap elicited the single word “come!” uttered in a sliding, uncertain sort of tone, somewhere on the gamut between a loud groan and a low howl. That assured me at once that the “business” had been commenced long enough to have got warm in the brain, and I was corroborated when I pushed open the door. There sat five youths behind five glasses, round a table garnished with a profusion of decanters, a sugar-bowl, a plate of crackers, a dish of cheese, and a box of segars; and the droll diablerie of manner and tone with which those five youths simultaneously rose and, waving and clinking their glasses, uttered a suppressed cheer as I stepped into the room, can not be described.

“*Ave, care mi monache!*” exclaimed Marley Whitmore, whose delicate, girlish figure, plump, peachy cheeks, pretty porcelain eyes, and flowing flaxen hair had gained him the fond appellation of “Little Boy Blue.” Whitmore was a tender,

sprightly little fellow; but he affected magniloquence and indulged in bad Latin to excess.

"Monk Sutven," said Leonidas Perry, "there is an empty chair. There an empty glass. Fill the chair. Fill the glass. Elevate. Drink." All this with an imperious, military flourish of gesture, that, with the speaker's tall, square form, dark complexion, and black eyes flashing out from deep sockets, placed his title of "Old Spartan" beyond question.

"Gentlemen," interposed a third speaker, "allow the Monk to seat himself; and then fill up all round—I have a toast for him."

This third personage was named Franklin Dudley, and his handsome, imposing presence, commanding brow, and splendid eye forbade the application of a soubriquet to him: we called him only Dudley.

After we had filled—for I had relapsed into their mood as soon as I had entered the room—he rose, and with a sly manner and his haughty grace, lifting his glass, said,

"Gentlemen, I propose that fond, ancient lady with whose lugubrious letter Monk Sutven had the kindness to edify us last evening."

This, with a burst of appreciative laughter from the other four, ascertained to me what a monster I had been: I had read my mother's holy letter to these jeering wretches when too drunk to have a memory. One moment of self-abasement, of deep, speechless shame, and then a revulsion of rage that whirled my brain wild and almost froze me.

"Sutven! in Heaven's name, what ails you? You are as pale as death!" cried "Little Boy Blue," setting down his glass before it had touched his lips, and shoving back his chair to come to me. With one hand waving him off, and with the other tearing open my neck-tie, as I sprang to my feet,

"Gentlemen!" thundered I in a voice that startled even myself with its strange, mad energy; and while I stood there struggling to wrestle my passion down to the pitch of utterance, the room was as silent as a chamber of death. "Gentlemen!" I began again, "I can not half express my abhorrence of myself if I have done what you imply, nor my loathing of those who take advantage of my shame to make a mock of my mother's love. As to the man who has dared to mention her disrespectfully here, I shall henceforth hold him to be a pusillanimous scoundrel, and treat him accordingly." With this I seized the tumbler before me and dashed its contents full in Dudley's face.

The scene which followed, the rush, the scuf-

fle, the fury, the horrid oaths, you may imagine, but I can not describe. At length the "Old Spartan," who had now got the frenzied Dudley pinioned in his giant grasp, could be heard:

"Gentlemen! are you bull-dogs? This business must be arranged honorably elsewhere!"

"Any plan of action that my friend Marley Whitmore may accede to shall meet with my approval," said I.

"Very well, Mr. Sutven," rejoined Dudley, relapsing at once into the gentlemanly calmness usual with him; "we will leave the whole affair, except a note that I shall immediately send you, with our friends, Mr. Whitmore and Mr. Perry. Good-night, gentlemen," and he bowed himself out as if nothing had occurred to ruffle him.

We all followed, except the two brothers who occupied the room—Charles and Wesley Johnson. Perry and Whitmore withdrew together, and I groped to my room and struck a light, and directly a formal challenge came from Dudley. I accepted. Within an hour more it was settled that Dudley and I should fight on the next morning in a secluded wood not far from the college, the weapons pistols, and the distance ten paces.

It would be folly, my friend, for me to attempt a description of my agony through that horrible night. Many times, in thinking of home and of the two there whose only hope on earth I was, I resolved not to fight; I resolved to go to Dudley and beg his forgiveness; but then the dreaded shame of *coward* would smite me in the face, and the resolution evaporated in a moment. Whitmore being absent most of the night making preparations, I was left alone with my past and my future. I wrote to my parents, telling them all, in words every one of which was wrung from my soul with a sob of anguish. I packed my effects in my trunks, and disposed my money and letters about my person; for I knew I was not to come back any more; and I began to wait for daybreak with anxiety: that night was worse than twenty deaths.

At last Whitmore came to inform me that all was ready. I took his arm, and we proceeded to the corner of the street, where a carriage was in waiting. Within it were Dudley, Perry, and a surgeon. We entered, and Whitmore took the lines and drove away. Not a single word was uttered throughout the whole distance.

"Gentlemen, here we are," said Whitmore, checking the horses; and when we alighted a faint streak of light had begun to appear in the east.

Dudley's port was majestic; the "Old Spartan"



looked his sternest, most rigid, most military look; but I thought I could discern tears in the eyes of "Little Boy Blue." How I looked I can not say; no, and how I felt I can not say; but I think I felt no fear; for I could hardly realize, even when we had been stationed and the cocked pistols placed in our hands, that we were there each to take the other's life. There, however, stood the straight, dark, martial Perry, eyeing us from his deep sockets, prepared to give the word of death. A space of breathless silence.

"Gentlemen, are you ready? One—two—three!"

Two pistol-shots, so close together as to seem almost one, rung out through the wood, and Dudley fell forward on his face with a groan, the blood gushing from his side in a big stream. I was a murderer! I rushed forward; I fell; all was darkness and oblivion.

When my life came back to me I was seated in the carriage with only Whitmore, and the horses were at a gallop. My left arm was bandaged and fastened on my breast, and I was too faint to speak above a whisper. I inquired after Dudley. Whitmore informed me that Perry and the surgeon had carried him to the nearest farmhouse, but that he had perhaps ere this breathed his last. We were, he said, on the way to my father's, where I must be concealed till my arm, which was broken, should be well enough for me to travel.

Home! any where else in the world than home now! How should I meet my father? And my mother! O, I knew that the pistol-shot which had brought Dudley down must take her, too, to the grave! I felt that I was flying from the murder of a friend to go to the murder of my mother; and I laid my head against Whitmore's shoulder and wept. He comprehended me; but through his pitying tears he assured me there was no other course.

As the morning advanced we proceeded at a less suspicious speed, and toward noon we stopped at an inn not far from my home. Here Whitmore proposed that we should refresh ourselves and repose for a short time. Any thing to defer the dreadful meeting. After having assisted me to a room he disappeared, and I was left alone for more than an hour. I did not inquire for him, for I readily conjectured what had taken him away.

At last there was a step upon the stairs. It was not Whitmore's. It was slower, heavier, and had a burden of agony in its very sound, as though a leaden heart weighed it down. My

father—or what seemed my father's ghost—entered and came staggering to the couch on which I lay. I held out my hand to him and turned my face to the wall. He seized the hand in both his own, and, falling heavily to his knees, broke forth in such a flood of sobbing, mingled with incoherent prayer, that I started up terrified. I caught the vehement and agonized words, "*his mother—now an angel in heaven,*" and with a cry I fell back into darkness, as though a musket-ball had sunk into my brain.

When the light came back Whitmore and my father stood beside the couch, the latter as pale and rigid as marble, and his eyes swollen with weeping. He gazed at me wildly for a moment, and then turned and left the room. Whitmore now told me, breaking down every few words, that, my mother having been suddenly taken with hemorrhage of the lungs late the previous night, a messenger had been dispatched for me, but that she had breathed her last at the very moment when our pistols went off that morning!

The next thing that my soul distinctly remembers, coming out of that chaos of its most maddening grief groping through blinding tears, I stood in my childhood's home, beside the sheeted form of my dead mother. A mournful woman softly put back the covering from the pale, sweet face, and said to me, in a tremulous, stopping voice,

"Look, my son; it was with that same dear smile, only the eyes were open and gazing into heaven, that she whispered last night, 'Tell my poor little Clyde to hold fast his resolution, and keep his heart near to the home goodness and his soul near to'— She never finished the sentence in words, but you may read it finished here on her heavenly face, my child."

I put my lips to her cold forehead—O! I feel the ache of anguish in my throat yet—I can not speak of it any more.

After they had put her in the grave—it was many days—I stood upon the deck of a vessel put to sea for America, and beheld my father turn from gazing after me and hurry away with that same rapid and groping walk with which he had parted from me once before; and I stood there straining my swimming eyes till the scenes of land went down out of sight—all except my father groping through his tears home toward my mother's grave.

But I will not relate the incidents of my voyage to New York, if, indeed, there were any but one ocean-vast incident of sorrow. My father soon followed me to this country, bringing the overjoying intelligence that Dudley had recovered.

Now, my friend, good-by. I have one more story of my life to tell you sometime when we meet again.

### A DAY IN COOPERSTOWN—THE HOME OF J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

BY J. F. HURST.

THERE is a vast difference between the emotions occasioned by reading of some object in nature, or in art, and those produced by actual observation. The mere reading of a description of the river Rhine and its castle-studded banks, gives rise to none of those overpowering spells that bind us rather to the past than to the present. But let us clamber up the declivity; let us behold the ivy-covered castle and enter its deserted halls; then our minds, as if by enchantment, will wander back to the time when brave knights met there to talk of the morrow's tournament; of honor, bravery, and "faire ladies." It was with such feelings as these, though they differed in degree, that we visited the home of J. Fennimore Cooper.

In our early days, when we had not yet learned to love facts, "hard facts," as Dickens says, we had wandered in imagination, with "Pathfinder," through the dense forests that covered the central part of New York state. We had been with "Deerslayer" in his hunting tours, and had helped to soothe the sorrows of his declining years. We had seen "Mount Vision" on fire, and when all hope of safety had fled, we saw the bold hunter, who had never feared the scalping-knife or tomahawk, rescue "Elizabeth Temple" from the flames. We had seen the cave in which the honest "Leatherstocking" lay, after a long day's hunt, with the trophies of his unerring arrow by his side. We had stood upon "Prospect Rock," and saw all the mingled beauties of land and water spread before us. We had sailed upon the clear Otsego Lake, and heard the third echo from a single sound. But all this was when we were yet in the morning of life; when fancy gilded every object of which we read, and when the mind's eye had seen, in the mere copy of nature's painting, such scenes of romance and yet of active, bustling life. Little did we then suppose that we might some day see those natural beauties that render Cooperstown so famous, and visit in these days of progress and refinement the home of the Indian and the early settler.

The village of Cooperstown is situated at the south of Otsego Lake, and both are bounded on the east and west by high, irregular mountains.

The Lake is transparent and deep, while its banks are overhung with trees and lichen-covered rocks. It is just such a one as we would suppose Cooper to have loved, where he might pass his hours in catching trout and producing great thoughts. No wonder that his descriptive powers were so great, and that he could make us feel as if we were not confined by our narrow study and surrounded by books, but that we were standing upon some mountain peak, walking in some dense forest, or sailing upon some placid lake. It is said that James Montgomery wrote some of his finest poems in a back room in London, where nothing could be seen but rough sheds and huge piles of rubbish. How much more we may have loved his poems if he had enjoyed, from his window, some of those smiles which nature usually wears! We love Young's "Night Thoughts," but we must suppose them to have been written at night, when we can not enjoy natural scenery to any great degree. We love Cooper's descriptions, but we must suppose them to have been written in broad daylight, in those days when the mountains were untunneled and the railroad-whistle did not interrupt the orisons and vespers of the forest-bird.

Cooperstown seems to be a place where the man of the world would be out of his element, and is admirably adapted to those who wish to enjoy life and not be enjoyed in return. Many of the dwelling-houses are retired from the street, and the approach is through avenues of ornamental trees and flowering shrubs. The comfort and pleasure with which the citizens seem to live strike the visitor with peculiar force, and he need not fear to be deafened with the clank of the machine-shop or the monotonous hum of the manufactory.

The seminary which has recently been erected there, and is under the control of the Methodist Church, stands on a slight eminence at the southern extremity of the village. The architectural taste and skill manifested in its outward appearance and internal arrangement, should be a source of pride to its designer, and of sincere congratulation to its patrons. May it continue to be blessed with the same favorable auspices under which it has commenced!

The cave of "Leatherstocking" is on the eastern side of the Lake, and is remarkable as having been a favorite haunt of the finest character in Cooper's works. Prospect Rock is near by, and its name indicates the importance attached to it. It forms a huge precipice as it rises from the edge of the Lake. The names of many visitors are engraved upon it, as the rock is very

soft. While standing upon it one can enjoy a scene that is seldom equaled in nature. The Lake lies beneath, and the opposite bank is fringed with a number of beautiful villas. With these in front, the Lake stretching out to the right and the village to the left, with numerous flower gardens and green fields of hops extending far toward the south, the effect is like that enjoyed on beholding a beautiful piece of Mosaic. Each object, though different, is beautiful in itself, and strives to excel the other in beauty and interest, while the whole awakens emotions that exalt us far above the vices and vanities of human life.

The view from Mount Vision is more extended; and without looking at what lies beneath, the eye wanders far over the distant, rolling hills, till they seem lost in the blue haze peculiar to the country.

The old brick mansion-house of Cooper was torn down subsequent to his death, and a hotel erected on the same site. The hotel has since burned down, and the bricks and rubbish now strew the beautiful yard and walks where the great man used to meditate and enjoy so many home delights. The tearing down of the old mansion, and the erection of a hotel instead, seems to be a wrong manifestation of the utilitarian spirit of the age. The walks are wide, and overhung with branches of trees that meet from either side, but the marks of the vandal visitor are every-where apparent in decorned blocks of stone and injured shrubbery. We love such hero-worship as honoring the illustrious dead; and whether our respect for them is manifested in monuments or biography, the notice is alike pure and ennobling.

We would like to visit Cooperstown at some future day, and, as we gain the neighboring mountain-top, to be welcomed to his old mansion-yard by a beautiful cenotaph erected to the memory of Cooper. We would not have his dust removed, but let it repose by the side of his long-loved wife in the Episcopal church-yard. The slabs covering their graves are only ornamented by inlaid marble crosses of a few inches' length. The two died almost at the same time, and even near the same age. As we stood by these graves and thought of the past, we were able to experience for the first time the force of Addison's remark, "When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me."

As the American who has given the finest and yet the most truthful descriptions to our natural scenery, and has painted forest life in such beautiful colors, we cherish the memory of Cooper. As the only one who has presented Indian char-

acter in its true and proper light to the world, we regret that his arguments in behalf of the red man of the forest have not taken deeper root in the hearts of modern reformers. His name will be mentioned with love and respect wherever nature is loved in her grandeur and simplicity as the Walter Scott of America. There will be a time in the history of our country when the Indian will be remembered with the same sadness that the Englishman remembers the Danes and Scots, or that the Spaniard feels when he dwells upon the romantic history of the Moors in Spain. The American in centuries to come will be glad to know that his land has so much of romantic interest, and that its wild forest and placid streams have been so faithfully delineated in the works of Cooper, before those forests had yielded to the settler's ax, and those streams had been turned hither and thither for manufacturing purposes.

Long shall we remember with pleasure the day we spent in Cooperstown; and as we lost sight of the beautiful valley by intervening hills, we had some of those feelings that stir the heart of the Moslem as he returns from his annual pilgrimage to the tomb of the holy Prophet.

#### MRS. SWISSHELM ON WOMAN'S CONVENTIONS.

THE following is not expressed in very feminine style, but is well-timed and pungent:

The physical right to be taken care of is one of "woman's rights." Our physical weakness will be our strongest argument for claiming all legal, intellectual, and moral powers of defense. In an intellectual or moral war, we ask no quarter on account of womanhood; but of every man we meet we claim physical protection, just because he is a man and we a woman. As to meeting in convention to discuss woman's right to engage in any occupation for which she has a capacity, it is sheer nonsense. *There is no law to prevent women following almost any business*, and why do they not take their right work at any thing they please? Mrs. Coe urged that women have a right to be captains of ships! Well, *why* are they not captains? *There is no law to prevent it*. If we believed it right, and thought we had the capacity, we would soon command a vessel. It would have taken a deal of talk to convince the world Joan of Arc and Jagello had a right to be soldiers, but without any argufying on the subject they proved their title to a niche in the warrior's temple of fame.

"A man of words and not of deeds,  
Is like a garden full of weeds,"

and a woman of that kind is very much like him.

## THE MYSTERIES THAT SURROUND US.

THE earth teems with mysteries; the sky shines with them; they float in the air; they swim in the deep; they flash from the dark-robed clouds; they whisper in the gentle tones of the summer wind; they speak in trumpet tongues, in the voice of the tempest and the thunder. Cease thy longings for the ancient days, O dreamers! Close thy book and look about thee upon the volume of Nature. See there before thee is a tiny insect that thou canst scarce distinguish from the grains of sand that surround it. Watch it; it moves on with an energy and an instinct that enables it to overcome or avoid all obstacles. See; it has seized some object larger than itself, and still it goes bravely on; nothing daunts it; tread it under foot—if thou canst have the heart to attempt such a murder—and it will rise up again beneath the ocean of sand and turn once more to its labor. Dost thou know it? It is the ant, the lion-hearted ant, toiling in the heat of summer; and though the season's brightness and its warmth are bringing up and producing ten thousand enjoyments for the little traveler, he is busy gathering together the provender for the long winter time, when frost, and snow, and cold shall have closed and locked up the granaries of nature.

Thou wilt tell me that I am mocking thee; that thou canst see this daily and hourly; and is this a mystery, therefore? If thou hadst read in those ancient legends before thee, of an insect so courageous, that it would attack an animal of ten thousand times its magnitude; of industry so indefatigable that it would climb house-tops and mountains to pursue its course; of perseverance so unflagging, that, though repulsed a thousand times, it still would return and overcome the obstacle that impeded it; the eye would have sparkled with interest and amazement: it is because it is constantly before thee; because it belongs to the present time; that thou lookest so disdainfully upon it. When did their bosoms beat so high with valor and determination as this poor insect? "But it has no loves, no burning jealousies, no blood-stained victories!" How knowest thou that? I warrant thee, even that tiny breast has grown gentler to some fond one that lived within its little world!—that its blood has moved quicker when some Adonis ant has flitted around the little coquette—that its path has been stained by the trophies of its mimic battles.

But thou wilt say, why dost thou lure me from my glowing page, to point me to this moving

atom? Why not show me the majestic mysteries of nature? Why waste my time with a topic so insignificant? I answer, because it is insignificant. I point thee there one of the smallest of Earth's creatures to ask thee, if the atoms contain such wonders, how much more noble and lofty are the works of nature? Follow me if thou wilt. Let us dive into the caverns of the earth, and mark the sculptured halls; the rocky avenues stretching miles below the busy haunts of men. Let us plunge into the deep, and see the huge leviathan sporting amid the waters, or the rainbow-hued dolphin, as she flings back bright rays of the glorious sun. Let us climb into the air, and behold the eagle with his untiring wing, and his unflinching eyes, the noblest image of indomitable perseverance and of brilliant genius soaring proudly and gazing fixedly toward heaven's brightest luminary! O dreamer! if the moments of thy life were multiplied by the sands of the desert, they would be all too short to unravel these mysteries that are around thee and above thee, and which are in every object almost that greets thy vision.

## POOR DROOPING PLANT.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

Poor drooping plant, this wintry air  
Thy beauty rare hath slighted;  
And greeting thee too rude, alas!  
Each floweret fair hath blighted.

And sorrowful this morn I mourn  
For thee, all crushed, forsaken;  
For dear thou'st been since, from this earth,  
My own loved flower was taken.

Sweet angel babe! A blossom pure  
Of thine, he held so lightly,  
Ere in the grave his form was laid,  
That bloomed for us so brightly.

It was our last, last gift to him,  
Earth's purest offering holy;  
An emblem of our faded flowers,  
In death so peaceful, lowly.

But thou, poor plant, though crushed and torn,  
Will yet, in spring's fair morning,  
Bright bud again and greet my gaze,  
The pathway green adorning.

And so my babe, 'neath summer skies,  
Far, far from earthly sorrow,  
Will bloom once more in radiant robes,  
Too fair for earth to borrow.

And I, when life on earth is done,  
If rich in heavenly treasure,  
Will clasp again my own sweet flower,  
With joy of endless measure.



## THE DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHERS.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

THE dear old grandmothers! who doesn't love them? Next to the own dear mothers they are the dearest as well as the kindest beings on earth.

The world would not seem half so pleasant as it now seems were it not for the grandmothers that are in it. I'm sure I would rather that almost any class of persons should depart from my reach than that which they form. The dear old ladies, in their dark garments, their white caps, and their silver hair, how beautiful do they seem to every affectionate heart!

Go visit them in their homes; you will not find them living in choked-up cities, where the air is one-half dust and the other half smoke, and where a sweet smell is something to be wondered at. O, no. The grandmothers—at least those of whom we are now thinking—are to be found in no such place as that. They have broad, low houses, shady and cool, over whose sides creep country-born vines, and on whose roofs fall shadows from giant trees which have not the first idea of how a city looks, and don't want to have. They have houses in the midst of green fields, near clear springs and quiet rivers. In at their windows come fragrance from the ripe strawberry and the sweet, new-cut hay, while on the wings of the air they breathe come healing, health, long life, and happiness.

Their houses have painted floors, and quaint, old-fashioned belongings, such as it is vain to look for elsewhere. Who ever drank such milk? who ever dipped into such cream as is found at the grandmother's home? None ever did. No where else in the world are there such pleasant nights and sounds as there are around the grandmothers' dwellings. What measureless mountains are those which look you in the face as you step out into the morning sunshine! What strange, fantastic, and charming attitudes do the trees assume as you gaze on the forest behind your grandmother's home! Was there ever any thing like that? Surely not; you *know* there was not: every tree about you seems a living creature, glad to welcome you once more, reaching out its hands toward you with a voiceless blessing. Dear old trees! your *mother's* eyes gazed on them long before yours saw light; and now, now when your heart is swelling, and your eyes are ready to overflow; when you stand in the places that knew her so many years, and gaze about on the scenes of her childhood, you remember with a sob and a pang that her eyes are closed, and

pressed down by the sods of the grave. O, no wonder the grandmothers' homes are dear! Through those rooms went the feet of our mothers in other days; and the place where the childhood of the mother was passed must ever be sacredly dear to the heart of the child.

What splendid sunsets one sees, ay, and enjoys, too, sitting on the step of grandmother's door! and the fair, round moon never seems so fair and so round as when she rolls up from behind yonder mountains, and sends her mild light down upon us as we listen to the song of night-birds and broad-breasted crickets, under the shadow of the homestead trees.

Go and ask your grandmother to take a walk with you. The cheerful old face lights up, and the eyes that *ought to be dim*, for their years are many, brighten, till they outshine your own, as she says, "Yes, I can go with you as well as not, for my churning is done, and grandpa has gone to town, and 'tis four hours to milking-time; give me my cane, and we'll go through the pasture and over the hill."

Through the pasture and over the hill! You, with your strong, young limbs and romping habits, had not thought of *that*. Why, there are two fences to climb, two pairs of bars to let down, innumerable ledges to scramble over, and an untold length of the roughest sort of land to cross, and—your grandmother is seventy-nine years old!

You hesitate a little, and say, "I'm afraid you will be too tired, grandma."

"O, no, I sha'n't, child, the walk is just what I need, it will do me good." So off you set, and ten to one you can hardly keep up with the nimble feet that trudge along before you, just as "spry" as if they belonged to eighteen instead of almost eighty.

Such strength and vigor belongs to old age, when the whole life has been in obedience to the laws of nature and of nature's God. You offer to help your grandmother up the hill; but she tells you she don't need your aid, for her stick is help enough, and she shall leave that behind her pretty soon; so, in loving admiration, you follow her, musing sadly on the time, which you feel can not be *very* far off, when the kindest of human hearts and the most useful of human limbs will be laid away to the rest which must needs be deep, after so many years of labor. Your heart sinks as you think of it, and you step hastily forward and commence conversation, striving, in speaking of life, its plans and purposes, to forget death.

Perhaps you call at the house of some other

grandmother; and then how pleasant it is to listen to the conversation of those whose *memory* reaches so far backward into the—to you—mysterious past!

But the sun seems low, and visions of supper, and cows, and milk-pails begin to haunt the old ladies, and soon you and your grandmother are "homeward bound." "We might as well leave down these pasture bars, and the cows will come along when they get ready," says your grandmother, as you go out into the road.

After supper you go out and seat yourself on some inviting spot, lazily to watch and enjoy the milking operations, wondering all the while at the tireless perseverance of the cricket's song.

It seems as if that one great-voiced fellow, the bass singer of cricketdom, whose home is, and always has been, at least ever since *you* can remember, under that flat door-stone, must certainly be a descendant, in a direct line, from Jubal, and an able manufacturer of his own musical instruments. His voice is never silent, never worn out; but when you come and when you go, and all the years you are away, he continues his wordless song, pausing only for his winter slumber.

Little brown, modest, and cunning ground-sparrows hop noiselessly about you, as you sit motionless upon the fence, or the stones. They tip their tiny heads, and look curiously at you, as if saying, "I wonder who you are, and what you are doing, perched up there among the gray shadows."

Then the gentle cows step slowly and gravely toward you, seeming to consider your personal appearance with minute, though very serious attention. You grow superstitious, looking into their clear, deep eyes, and suddenly springing from your seat flee into the house, leaving among the creatures in your path signs and sounds of great astonishment and confusion.

Then what a pleasant place in which to rest and muse, is the great, deep, "lolling chair," still standing in the very corner which, for unnumbered years, has been its own. You roll yourself up in its wide-spread arms, and there you lie and listen to the voice of the tall, eight-day clock,

"Ancient, worn, but still as stately  
As in years forever gone,"

till the hour of retiring comes, when you nestle to your grandmother's side, having spoken in due season for her company, and are soon dreaming that you are once more a careless, happy child, and that the arms which, even in your slumber, you know are about you, are those of the mother

who has long since been in her grave. O, how hard a thing it is to say "good-by" to grandmother and grandmother's quiet home! You go slowly down the road, turning often with lingering looks, and many a longing sigh, toward the window where stands your mother's mother, looking after you, and waving another and another good-by to the departing one her old heart whispers she will hardly tarry again to welcome to her home. The trees swing their branches between the house and you, and you turn a corner of the road, and can see your grandmother's dwelling-place no more.

All things seem bidding you farewell as you move onward. The sun has departed. The night-birds sing mournfully. The trees wave kindly farewells, and the giant hills, the dark, gray mountains, grand and stately as they are, in their rocky pride, bend benignly toward you through the fast closing twilight, saying, in mute, yet touching language, "Good-by, good-by!"

#### ADAM AND THE CHERUB OF PARADISE.

AS Abel weltered in his blood, and Adam stood and wept over the slain, the cherub of paradise approached, and stood near him in silence. Adam lifted up his eyes and said, "Is this an image of the race that has descended from me? And will a brother's blood, shed by a brother's hand, again pollute the earth?"

The cherub answered, "Thou sayest it!"

"Ah! by what name will men call the evil deed?" inquired Adam.

With a tear in his eye, the celestial being answered, "War!"

Then the father of mankind shuddered, and sighing, exclaimed, "Alas! why must the noble and the just fall by the hand of the unrighteous?"

The cherub was speechless.

But Adam continued his complaint, and said, "What remains for me now in my lamentation, on the blood-stained earth?"

The cherub answered, "Confidence in heaven!" and he vanished.

But Adam stood till the setting of the sun, and when the stars had arisen, he extended his arms upward, and cried, "O, thou shining guardians at the throne of heaven, why do you wander so silently? O, speak of the land that is far distant, and of Abel, the beloved!"

And he heard in his heart a gentle whisper: "Behold, Abel thy son liveth!"

The mourner departed in faith, and his soul was calm, but full of sadness.—*German Parables.*

## A REVIEW.

BY EMILY C. HARRINGTON.

"The book of nature  
Getteth short of leaves."—Hoon.

IT lies open before me as I write, a great, ponderous volume, gorgeously bound in green and azure, and clasped with golden sunbeams. It was written more than six thousand years ago, and yet to-day not a leaf is worn, or a color faded, for its Author was one to whom a thousand years are but "as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night-time."

At first it was only as a memorandum of a great idea, grand in its very conception, but crude and unexpanded, as one hastily sets down a beautiful thought till a time shall be found for its development, and then under a pall of darkness its Author slowly wrought it toward perfection.

Through long ages, none knew how many, his countless workmen were busy toiling at the materials; and all through the book are found strange records of that time. At last, when all was ready, amid the shouting of the angels, He brought it forth to light, set it round about with burning jewels, wrote the wondrous lessons upon its pure pages, and then sealed it with his own seal, bearing this inscription, "*Very good.*"

It is written in the ancient style of hieroglyphics, exceedingly beautiful in design, so that those who are unable, for want of a key to translate them, can not but be delighted with the mere beauty of the coloring and arrangement. Some of the pages are rosy tinted, some blacker than midnight, from which the words gleam out like lightning from a dusky cloud. It is full of pictures, of sunrisings and sunsettings, and the glory of the moon; stormy seas, and blue, gleaming waters; wind-stirred forests, and valleys calm in the shimmering starlight; mountains cold and grand in the voiceless midnight, and happy human faces, with eyes of love and lips of melody. Scattered here and there is a rare bit of music, bringing sometimes tears and sometimes smiles.

• The book is divided into four chapters, so widely different as to be suited to the most diverse tastes, but yet forming a beautiful and harmonious whole.

Chapter first is in letters of pale green, and a ground of dusky brown, bordered with delicate sprays and half-opened buds from some forest nook. The songs are faintly sweet, with a ringing chime, like the low, musical tinkle of drops just set free from the frost, and creeping along the meadow-lands. Toward the close, as you

turn the pages, they grow fuller, swelling out almost like a sudden gush from a wild bird. Very simple are the pictures, only pale primroses, and wee, modest violets. This part is a glad-some prophecy, and the songs have all one chorus, "*By and by.*"

Part second is in stronger lights, and deeper shadows, flushed with warm, glowing colors, and wreathed with full garlands. The songs are all peans, triumphal, jubilant songs, that make the heart leap with their glad, bold music. Look at this picture; you can see it is a gathering storm. The ghouls of the tempest have decked out the sky for a festival, and their weird faces peer out through the clouds. Arches black as night, piles light and fleecy as the drifted snow, or glowing like banners from a battle-field, while here and there, through a long wind-rift, the deep blue shows, "*Like God's great pity.*"

Part third is in graver colors, the pictures principally night-scenes, and landscapes through mellow hazy light, and the songs low and dreamy, with a sad, sobbing close. I wish I could translate them; but they lose all their beauty by the change, our language is so poor. May be that gray old minstrel, the wind, has chanted them under your window in the hush of some moonless midnight. Starting, bewildered from sleep, you may have listened, as well as you could, for the heavy beating of your heart, and thought it sounded like a hymn that faltered forth from a voice choking with grief. You did not look out and smile on the singer, the darkness was all the thicker for tears; memory for a while was very busy with the last hours of the summer; then you thought of our Father—and slept again.

Part fourth is prose—the others are poems—stern, grave, but majestic prose; a sort of grand moral to the rest, written in pure, spotless white.

## THE HUMMING-BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I can not think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such a beautiful creature as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other; but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

### LESSON OF IMMORTALITY—THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

THE following "lesson of immortality" was given De Vere by an Arab Sheikh:

"Abu Abdallah, do you believe in God?"

"Thou sayest it, O brother!" was his quiet answer.

"But, Abu Abdallah, I fear you do not believe that your soul is immortal."

He gazed at me for an instant from the depth of that unfathomable eye, the precious heirloom of a son of the Orient, but uttered not a word. I was struck by his silence, and asked again.

"O, brother! O, brother! thou wrongest me!" he said, and quietly rising, he seized upon a little shapeless mass that lay half hid in the fragrant herbs at our feet, and gently pushing it into the purling stream, he added: "Has not the God of our fathers, whose prophet is Mohammed, given us the Rose of Jericho? And does not my brother, who reads the books of the wise men of the Franks, know that the burning sands of the desert are its home, and that it delights in the fiery winds of the west, which scatter the caravan, and strew the sands of the Sahara with the bones of the traveler? There it grows and blossoms, and our children love it. But the season comes again, and it withers and dies. And the dread simoom rises, and seizes the dry, shriveled roots, that my brother beholds there, and on the wings of the tempest the Rose of Jericho rides far, far east, till it falls upon holy soil. Now let my brother wait and he shall see!"

And we did wait—waited till the shadows grew long, and dreamy dusk covered mountain and plain. And the little shapeless mass became a miracle indeed, and right before our eyes! The roots had expanded, the leaves had unfolded, life and breath had returned to the dead child of the Sahara, and the very blossoms began to show, and to rival the faint rosy tints of the evening sun!

I never forgot that lesson of immortality—I never forgot that Rose of Jericho. On my return to Europe I learned that botanists called it "Anastatica"—the flower of resurrection. I wished to know more about it, and that was the way I first learned something about plants.

### SOCIETY.

Young hearer, try to frequent the company of your betters. In book and life it is the most wholesome society. Note what the great men admire—they admire great things: narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly—*Thackeray*.

### "HEART-THROBS OF POESY."

BY EMILY C. HARRINGTON.

'Tis the cold November midnight,  
And the wind goes wailing by,  
And shrieks through the leafless tree-tops  
With a wild and a desolate cry.

There's a sound as of mingled shoutings,  
And shuddering groans of fear—  
The voice of the gathering tempest  
Sweeping on in its mad career.

From the heart of the tortured forest,  
Strong arms are tossing on high,  
As if struggling, and vainly praying  
For rest to the troubled sky.

The brow of the night looks fearful,  
With its black funeral pall,  
So thick, not a ray of starlight  
Through the shrouding folds can fall.

The fitful gusts of the tempest  
Drive the angry clouds to and fro,  
As souls in the storms of sorrow  
Drift over a sea of woe.

Ah, me! there's a grave in the meadows,  
Far back in the long-ago,  
Where the buds of my heart's young summer  
Lie crushed in the winter's snow.

Through the night, and the storm, and the darkness,  
I can see the marble gleam,  
As the wings of the blessed angels  
Flash out on a troubled dream.

O, not with a bitter sorrow,  
I think of the mournful time,  
When the sweetest of all earth's voices  
First whispered the angel's rhyme!

But folding the cross to my bosom,  
And tearfully looking above,  
I pray the good God to make me  
More like to my glorified love!

For I know there will come a morning,  
When, waking from dreams of woe,  
I shall join her at last in singing  
The song that the angels know.

And when, in the dull November,  
The storm-wind utters its cry,  
We shall walk in the quiet sunshine,  
In the meadow-lands on high.

### EFFECT OF PROFANE WORDS.

As polished steel receives a stain  
From drops at random flung;  
So does the child, when words profane  
Drop from a parent's tongue.  
The rust eats in, and oft we find  
That naught which we can do,  
To cleanse the metal or the mind,  
The brightness will renew.



## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

WORDS OF COMFORT TO THE AFFLICTED.—“*Fear not.*” I would particularly direct the eye of the sorrowing and afflicted disciple to these sweet words of inspiration.

To you, tried and afflicted child of God, are the words of this salvation sent. Then fear not while you have such an arm on which to lean, such a Friend in whom to trust. Though your cup of sorrow may be full, and you should even be called to drink it to the dregs; though all may seem against you, and earth and hell oppose; though your path be so dark that you have not even one gleam of hope, still, “fear not.” “Is there any among you that feareth the Lord, that obey the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.”

Though the path through which you have to walk be so rough and thorny, and your mind, through earthly perplexities, be so distracted that you can scarcely distinguish which way you are to turn; yet still, amid all these cares, thy Father saith unto thee, “Fear not.” These very trials and these very difficulties are among the “all things” which work together for thy good.

And why are you not to fear? Why? “For I have redeemed thee!” Why? Because “ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price.” Amidst every vexation, every affliction, and every pain, thou needest not to fear; for thy Father careth for thee, and even counteth the very hairs of thy head. Believest thou this?

If affliction be thy lot, and thou art called to suffer His will, and wearisome days and restless nights are appointed unto thee, “Fear not; for I have redeemed thee.” In all thy affliction He is afflicted. He will make thy bed and smooth thy pillow, and thou shalt rest thy aching head on his bosom. Weep not, because through affliction thou art deprived of the blessed means of grace, which so many of thy fellow-Christians enjoy, and which thy heart yearns after. Weep not, because thou canst not now, as in former times, join with the great congregation in singing the praises of Him who hath called thee out of darkness into his marvelous light. Weep not, though thus deprived of the outward means; for thou mayest be always sure of a present Savior, who will visit thee here in thy sick chamber, and cause thy lone room to be a Bethel, none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven! O, how sweet to know that he is ever near; that he careth for thee, and will himself gently wipe away the falling tear of disappointment with the sweet promise of his love!

He who knoweth all things from the beginning, the great Jehovah, the God of heaven and earth—he who spake this to the Israelites of old, now saith it unto thee, thou afflicted one. Yes; he who supplieth thy every want, who readeth the thoughts and desires, hopes and fears, of thy soul, saith, even unto thee, “Fear not; for I have redeemed thee.” Though waves of sorrow go over thy head; though health, and wealth, and friends be gone; though thy very heart-strings be rudely broken,

and thou hast to walk through this sorrowful vale alone, without one friend to cheer thee in thy sorrow, yet, “Fear not;” for I will be with thee; “I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.” O, lift up thy drooping head, and let the eye of thy faith pierce through these clouds of gloom, and soar on high into those regions, where

“The Invisible appears in sight,  
And God is seen by mortal eye!”

“Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.” In love doth he chastise, and not for his pleasure. Then repine not at his dealings with you now; how dark or dreary soever your way may be, lie passive in his hands; resign yourself and all you have to his care and keeping; yea, “commit your way unto him,” and you shall reap, even in this life of grief and woe, sweet consoling peace. If in the world you have tribulation, “fear not;” for in him you have peace. Who can tell but affliction was the only sure means of drawing thy soul to God? How mysterious are the ways of God, and his dealings with his children! Sometimes, in the darkness that surrounds our path, and the difficulties that obstruct our way, he appears to frown upon us; but that frown is often nothing but the putting of this question, “Lovest thou me?” Every stroke of his rod is a message of love. Then kiss the hand that smites you; bow beneath the rod; and in all things, the bitter as well as the sweet, the rough as well as the smooth, exclaim, “Good is the will of the Lord: the will of the Lord be done.”

The children of God, says a pious writer, “are most triumphant when most tempted; most glorious when most afflicted; most in the favor of God when least in man’s and least in their own esteem. As their conflicts, so their conquests; as their tribulations, so their triumphs. So that heavy afflictions, when sanctified by the grace of God, are the best benefactors to heavenly affections; and where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest; and grace that is hid in nature is then most fragrant, when the fire of affliction is put under to distill it out.”

How many a disappointment has been feared on a wet and cloudy morning, when the rain fell fast, the woods howled beneath the storm, and nature herself groaned! Then did imagination rise. There was no hope: it was a stormy day. But, lo! even then the clouds break, the wind ceases, the sun bursts forth, and ere one short hour is past, nature is robed in her most beautiful garb, and the little birds are singing in cheerful strains the praises of their God. Thus it is with the Christian. He, too, has many a cloudy day as he goes forward on his pilgrimage; days when he laments, with Job, “All these things are against me.” But the storm passes, the howling winds of fear cease, the bright Sun of righteousness arises with more grandeur and beneficence than ever, and the mourner begins to think his way not quite so dark, and even ventures to hope that all things will eventually work together for his good, though all had seemed against

him; and he endeavors, through faith in Christ, to take fresh hold of the atonement, and exclaims, "My Lord and my God!"

And now, my Christian friend, let us breathe a little in this pure air of Divine love; and, if we belong to Christ, let us at once "renew our spiritual strength, mount up with wings as eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint." O! why should we distress ourselves? why repine and grieve when oppressed with difficulties or tried by affliction, as if there were no God?

"When all around to darkness turns,  
Thy inward light more brightly burns."

When doubts intrude, and we yield to them, but for a moment, the prospect darkens, and all around looks drear. Instead of thus bewailing our state, let us burst through these clouds of despair, and hail the least speck of light which would lead us to hope that the cloud which now thickens is but for a moment. Despair not because your way is dark and drear. Despair not because the chastening hand is stretched over you, and you are made to feel the rod. Despair not, though you tread this wearisome world alone! Despair not, though the cruel hand of death severs from you the sweetest bond of life. Despair not, though all be gone. And why? Because the Redeemer saith, "Fear not." Thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt? A rest, a sweet, a glorious rest, is preparing for thee yonder. Look forward, anticipate that rest; yea, more, enter in and possess it even here.

TEXTS AND THEMES DEMANDED IN THE PULPIT.—"*Be instant in season.*"

The first point in a sermon is to have something to say—a collection of thoughts interesting and impressive. And the first, and, in many respects, the most important part of the sermon, is the text or theme of discourse. Not that we are at a loss to find verses from the Bible, inspired and instructive, that may serve as the basis of noble homilies; but it is a matter of greater difficulty to select those appropriate to the occasion, the audience, and the preacher's own mind. In this "fitness of things" is found the preacher's forte, and, in fact, much of the power of the pulpit.

Adaptation is a virtue that will hide a multitude of sins, and breathe eloquence into very common utterances. Lacking this ingredient, the classical and elegant discourses of the scholar fall on the dull ears of the multitude as worthless and inane. The mass of men keenly relish and earnestly demand propriety; this will engage and enchain the attention.

The importance of the selection of an appropriate text is seen in the fact that it gives character and color to the entire discourse. A text well adapted, of itself, will preach for a half hour while the speaker may be repeating very familiar thoughts. Its announcement awakens attention, and begets in the speaker and hearer a mutual inspiration and sympathy. They are linked together as by a holy enchantment; there will be interest. The preacher has obtained a captivating power over the audience; his discourse has dropped right down into the heart, and takes hold on the foundations of the soul.

Such an adaptation, in the text, also serves to guide the mind in the development of the discourse. It unfolds naturally as from a germ, displaying its hidden wealth and nice proportions and manifold relations to truths lying contiguous to it.

Such a discourse demands less severe study; the occasion, the audience, the time, the spirit of the preacher, all serve to elucidate and arrange it. Hence some men

will accomplish so much in a given time, and do it well; they are instinctively impelled to adaptation. Hence men in stirring emergencies produce off-hand such luminous, stirring, and eloquent compositions. The occasion makes it plain what is needed, and the work is, by this discovery, half done. The man who lacks this may toil severely, and produce really earnest and powerful truths, but, coming in at the wrong place, are dry and cumbersome. His severest study will be to find the real needs of his audience. What, then, are the texts demanded in the Christian pulpit? These, of course, must vary to meet the multiplied exigencies of a changing society. Any directions that may be given must, hence, be general and somewhat indefinite; yet these general directions may serve to indicate our views, and, it is hoped, be of some practical benefit to junior brethren in the ministry. The variety before us is very great; a proper selection will be a matter of no little difficulty. To attain it some have advised us to mark and lay aside for future use such as we find in our daily reading of the Scriptures. And this advice is worthy of especial notice, since at those seasons, when the thoughts are free to range somewhat excursively the whole field of truth, and while the affections are enkindled by a spirit of devotion, we often obtain new and bright views of familiar passages; the mind is stirred by the novel aspect of the truth, and, it may be, the subject is arranged, and the whole plan of discourse struck out in the mind at first view. This plan possesses decided advantages.

Others select the subject, and then a text which embodies its sentiment. Such would naturally be confined to the consideration of distinct doctrines. It has its advantages and disadvantages. It is convenient, conduces to logical arrangement, compactness of thought, and perspicuity. At the same time the subject will seldom develop itself naturally in this manner. It is not a spontaneous outgrowth from the roots, but a scion, wrought indeed into the original stock, but with some violence to nature. By this plan the mind fails usually to kindle and glow, as when some burning passage of Scripture falls into the heart, and coalesces with the glowing affections of the soul. It may possess a calm, cold, and steady energy, but it lacks the explosive power that gives popular effect to truth. There are no "thoughts that glow and words that burn."

This plan also restricts the field of selection, by excluding those texts expressive merely of phases, of side-long glances, at the doctrines of the Bible. And when we recollect the large number of those incidental texts, and how richly they often unfold into discourses, giving variety and interest to the discussions of the pulpit, the too frequent and confined use of the plan will be regarded as embarrassing. It may be adopted occasionally, when we wish to elucidate some doctrine, or to bring out some particular truth in bold relief, or to define our terminology or doctrines with precision.

Do you seek still more definite direction on this subject? The Bible will be our best guide. That will restrict us to themes embraced in the Gospel. We have no liberty to go out after politics or science. There are truths of deeper import, and more intimately allied to the permanent wants of man. He is diseased, and suffering, and dying; the preacher holds forth the moral panacea to heal him. He may not stop to sport the fancy, or please merely the intellect of a dying man. We want no experiments at that period, but an application of the gloriously successful remedy.

But what is the Gospel we are thus to explain and proclaim? Not simply the doctrine of atonement, or even its immediately related themes. It takes a wider scope. The Bible, the receptacle of the Gospel, is marked by the widest variety and range of subject. The pen of inspiration wrote for man, for his permanent tastes and predilections. It has written in all varieties of style, and presented to us a broad compass of material. Here, it is busied with the little wants, the minute interests of the hour; there, it lays hold on the fundamental, undying principles of the soul. Now, it beautifully and pleasantly discourses of daily life and thought, the subject familiar even to childhood; then, it merges out boldly into the grandest and loftiest truths of the universe. The Scriptures are peculiar, however, in always bending all themes to one magnificent center—and that center is Christ. This suggests the path open to the preacher: he may travel into any field where he finds light and truth; but he must collect every ray about the cross. So the minister of Christ stands in the center of all truth: he is the sun of the moral system, the grand absorbent and center from which goes forth all the illumination diffused through the universe of truth and mind. Here, then, we observe scope and unity combined. We may be discursive, and yet bring all the power of argument, of eloquence, of feeling to bear directly on the human heart. We may wander wherever the light of truth travels amid the infinity of worlds, and then gather all those rays into a single, burning focus.

When to wander and when to linger about the center may be learned in part by the state of the congregation. One who is familiar with the people, who knows their joys and sorrows, enters into their experiences and lives in their life, will be at no loss for a suitable theme of discourse. Every pastoral visit will disclose some want, or bring to light some danger, or set before the pastor some desire, aspiration, or hope, that must be nurtured or repressed by a discourse in the desk. Thus will his store of subjects be ever enlarging, as deeper and broader views are obtained of the internal experiences and multiplied relations of the heart. There will be spread out to his spiritual vision a broad field, in which flourish all sorts of herbs, some to be cultivated and matured, others to be exterminated.

A still shorter method may be found by a careful observation of one's own heart, since in that we find an epitome of the world. In the great outline all men are like ourselves. There are certain principles that find a permanent place in human nature, and these are to be besieged with the greatest force and assiduity. Here the preacher must plant his ordnance, and his lighter arms will meet those occasional points that grow out from custom or some curvature in man. Themes that at present interest us, will become distinct, and earnest, and powerful in the delivery. The mind will discriminate such subjects, discover their relations, and trace out the fibers of thought in all their minute ramifications. The heart goes out after such subjects as it likes to handle, and those to which the intellect is adapted. There is some secret affinity, underlying our ordinary feelings, that binds the soul to its cherished truth; and that pastor who keeps alive a glow of piety will not fail in the requisite material for Sabbath discourses. They will not be dry truths; they will have an edge, and cut their way to the heart.

A SHORT AND PITHY SERMON.—"*Once no man any thing.*"

Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stone, peddle tin-ware, do any thing that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy awakenings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the firmament of man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful sky. It breaks up the harmony of Nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles; it plucks from the eye its light; it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion, nor ever be its slave.

## Papers Critical, Exegetical, and Philosophical.

### ORIGIN OF WRITTEN LANGUAGE.

THAT vehicle and conservator of human thought, which we call written language, is one of the most wonderful and valuable arts possessed by the human race. It is, in fact, the foundation-stone of almost every other. Its history is blended with the history of intellectual progress in all ages. Human intelligence has developed no elements of grandeur or of power that have not been closely connected with it.

Yet, singular as it may seem, the very *origin* of such an art is still a question of doubt and controversy among the learned men of the world. When, where, and how did it originate? Is it an art perfected by the finger of God, and revealed to man from heaven? or, did it originate in some rude invention or accidental discovery, and grow up, passing through long ages of progress, till its present perfection and utility were attained? These

questions—as yet unsolved—are profoundly interesting to the scholar, who would fain trace the progress of his race in knowledge and in intellectual power.

We have neither the time nor the means for the enumeration of the multitudinous *theories* which have been devised upon the subject; nor yet can we attempt to describe the shades of difference between them. But, throwing them all into the crucible of analysis, and sifting out the elements of each, we find them reduced to two general and opposite opinions. Each of these opinions has had zealous advocates in almost every age. The arguments on either side have the authority of great names; and, what is more, are possessed of great plausibility, and, indeed, of seeming conclusiveness.

Not a few among even the most learned have come to the conviction that written language is not a human invention, but of divine origin, communicated by God him-

self to the human race. The arguments by which this opinion is sought to be maintained, may be thus summed up: 1. The early period at which letters were known to exist, and be in practical use, is a presumption against their having been invented. 2. The traditions of all the earlier nations where letters existed, represent them not only as having been in use in the very earliest times, but as having been communicated by the gods. 3. The fact that the characters in the Hebrew alphabet were as perfect in the time of Moses, when they were employed to record the decalogue upon the tables of stone, as they were ages afterward, in the palmy days of Jewish refinement, culture, and glory. 4. They urge the similarity between the various alphabets of different nations, which, for the most part, are the same, or at least very similar in the order, power, and even form of their letters, to the ancient Hebrew—all seeming to have sprung from this as the parent root. 5. The entire want of alphabetical characters among those nations which were cut off from communication with the civilized world. 6. And, finally, they assume that so sublime an invention, based upon such deep philosophical principles, and requiring such profound analysis, is entirely above any of which the unassisted powers of man are capable, and therefore its origin must have been divine. The force of these arguments was felt and acknowledged by even heathen philosophers; for Plato, Cicero, Tully, and many others of the ancients were led to conclude that "the alphabet was no human invention, but a gift of the immortal gods."

The conclusiveness of these arguments is more apparent than real. This we think we can make apparent, without entering into a formal refutation of them. As to the argument for the divine origin of written language founded upon its high antiquity, it can weigh but little when we place it beside those evidences of art and of exquisite workmanship which have been exhumed from the desolations of Egypt, of Nineveh, and of Babylon. The unreliability of ancient traditions must forever bar them from any force as matters of evidence, unless they are corroborated by facts established by some other and more reliable evidence. Bishop Warburton observes, that "the ancients gave nothing to the gods of whose original they had any records; but when the memory of the invention was lost—as of seed-corn, wine, *writing*, civil society, etc.—the gods seized the property by that kind of right which gives strays to the lord of the manor." The resemblance between the alphabets of different nations, only argues a common origin, but determines nothing as to what that origin was. Indeed, this phenomenon would have been in no wise strange, had written language been known to be a human invention; for other civilized nations would have borrowed it, as they have uniformly all useful inventions, from the people among whom the invention was made. Still further, the fact that those nations which were cut off from communication with the civilized world, were destitute of written language, can by no means prove its divine origin. Many of the modern nations, which are shut out from intercourse with the civilized world, are still utterly destitute of the art of printing, and of the magnetic telegraph; but nothing would be more absurd than, from this fact, to claim for these magnificent discoveries a divine origin. These various arguments for the divine origin of written language have been wielded with great dexterity, and presented in a great variety of forms; but after all, even the most strenuous advocates of the

theory are compelled to acknowledge their want of conclusiveness, and to confess that a ground of presumption is all they can afford.

Those who take the negative of this question, and assume written language to be an invention of man, find, as they conceive, its incipient origin in the *picture writing* of early antiquity. This they contend was the first form of written language—the rude germ of that sublime art, which is now acting upon, and, to a great measure, controlling the destinies of the world. Oral language is addressed to the ear, and therefore can not be transmitted to a distance, much less can it be protracted to future time. And yet men would soon feel the necessity of reporting events to distant persons, and of placing them on record for future use. The relics disinterred from the long-undisturbed graves of the most ancient empires, give us demonstration of the existence and use of picture-writing among them. The same kind of writing was employed to convey intelligence to distant places, by the original Mexicans, as well as by the aboriginal Indians of our own country. Nothing could be more natural than for persons destitute of alphabetical writing, and wishing to convey to a distance, or to hand down to a future age the knowledge of some event, to draw a picture of that event, with all its circumstances, as they had presented themselves to his own eye. Such pictures would convey, no doubt, vivid impressions to the mind, and often answer important ends. But how utterly deficient in detail, and how liable to be misapprehended they must ever be, we need not take time to show.

The next stage in the progress of written language, according to this theory, was the invention of a species of symbolical writing, called *hieroglyphics*. This was the employment of a series of emblems, to each of which was attached a specific signification, as also to their various combinations. Such a system, though cumbersome, and especially inadequate to the variation of details, was still a vast improvement upon the earlier and rougher system of picture-writing. But it is of service, only when we have the key to its interpretation. And unfortunately for human science, the key to the ancient hieroglyphical writing has been lost. Toward its recovery some happy advances have been made; and there is yet hope that the treasures of knowledge now entombed in the hieroglyphics of antiquity, will yet be exhumed from the grave of ages, and come forth in all the brightness of a glorious resurrection.

The third stage of progress in written language, is indicated by that system of *word-writing* which now prevails in China. In this system, a single character is made to represent each word, which, spoken, expresses a distinct idea. The Arabic and the Roman numeral figures, now in use among us, are examples of this kind of writing, as each character represents, not a single letter—an elementary part of a word—but an entire idea. Of this class, the Chinese language is probably the only living representative. Of its cumbersome impracticability no further evidence need be required, than the fact that no less than 80,000 characters are employed, and even these fail to express the language; while its most learned and adept scholars rarely ever attain to a knowledge of more than 30,000 or 40,000. No wonder that the Chinese literature is so stereotyped in its character and so barren of ideas! The memory is so crammed with words that no freedom of action is left; and the intellect is so dwarfed and stunted by its perpetual struggle at the



digestion of barren words, that no brilliancy of genius remains, and no intellectual light is emitted.

It will be observed that both picture-writing and hieroglyphics were designed to represent *ideas*, and not words. They were therefore *ideographic*. On the other hand, word-writing indicates a transition state in written language, and the introduction of new elements. The characters employed in it, whatever might have been their design at first, soon became symbols of *sound*, and thus conveyed ideas through their alliance with spoken language, rather than through any appearance analogous to the objects or ideas represented.

The fourth stage—and the climax—in the progress of written language, was reached in the introduction of signs to express the simple sounds uttered by the human voice. In this system, words are resolved into their first elements, and signs are employed to express simple sounds. It was discovered that the human voice is capable of expressing only about twenty consonantal sounds. This fact was made the basis of a new system of written language. At first the consonantal sounds only were expressed by letters, and hence it was termed *consonantal* writing. And for a long time, among the ancient Hebrews, we have the phenomenon of a written language, composed entirely of consonants, leaving the reader to supply the vowel sounds as he spoke the language. To guide him in filling up the chasm, he had only the faint indications of the consonant letters and the connections of the subject; and thus it would often be utterly impossible to determine, with any degree of certainty, the meaning of an author. This was the early and defective form in which this kind of written language first came into use. Subsequently, in the Hebrew language, the defect was remedied by the introduction of the "vowel points." In modern languages, the vowels as well as the consonants are expressed by their appropriate signs. This last was the crowning glory of alphabetical writing.

The theory of the progressive development of written language has an air of great plausibility and directness. But he who pushes it so far as to assume the order of development here indicated invariable, will often find the path of his theory obstructed by stubborn facts. He will be compelled to modify his theory, or to drive it rough-shod over the facts. The truth is, alphabetical and hieroglyphical writing, and even picture-writing, have evidently all been in use at the same time—the former being the higher and more mysterious symbols employed by the savans and the priesthood—the other two being employed as a means of conveying intelligence to the common and uncultivated mind.

When and where this climax in written language was reached are matters of conflicting speculation and doubt. Strange, indeed, that that art which is the great storehouse of all knowledge in the world, should not have garnered up and held in perpetual preservation the means and processes by which it received its own existence. In turn, various people—as the Hebrews, Chaldeans, Phenicians, Egyptians, Indians, Arabians, and Grecians—have been claimed to be the true progenitors of alphabetical writing. Some have attributed its invention to Moses, others to Abraham, and still others to Shem. Some have even gone so far as to assert the existence of alphabetic writing before the flood—a thing grandly improbable. Others have struck a note of still higher absurdity, and attributed the invention to Adam himself. The argument in favor of Adam's claim is based upon the assumption that he could not have lived

so long without knowing its importance. This principle, if valid, would establish the claim of Adam as the inventor of every useful art; his advocates might claim for him, on the same ground, the invention of the art of printing, the mariner's compass, the steam-engine, and the magnetic telegraph.

We know not as it is possible for the claim of any nation to be so fully demonstrated as to settle all controversy upon the point; but this is not material to the point we are now discussing.

Could we ascertain the time when written language first came into practical use, it would aid us in an approximation toward the time, and also the manner of its origin. In Exodus xvii, 14, it is recorded that the Lord commanded Moses to write the victory of Joshua over the Amalekites, "for a memorial, in a book;" and soon after this, during the same year, or 1491 years before Christ, the law was given—written undoubtedly in alphabetic characters upon two tables of stone. At this time the Israelites had been absent from Egypt less than a year, and the invention of the alphabet by them, or by Moses during that time, wandering as they were in the wilderness, is quite improbable. Dr. Fitzgerald, an eminent Hebraist, who occupied that professorship in the University of Dublin some time since, after conceding that these are the first authentic instances of alphabetic writing on record, says "that the Israelites could not have received their letters first from Moses, through the giving of the law; for, though this was written in letters engraved by God himself, and given to Moses for their use, the Israelites must have understood them before the giving of the law, else to what purpose was it written and brought to them?" Had the learned author rested with the inference that *Moses* must have had some previous knowledge of alphabetical writing before he could have received to any purpose the written law, the inference could have been legitimate. But the idea that a whole people, in that early age of the world, and a people, too, who, for two centuries, had been crushed down and brutalized in ignorance and slavery, should possess a knowledge of written language so as to read it, even if alphabetical writing had existed for ages, is utterly untenable and absurd. Nor was such a knowledge indispensable, in order that the written law revealed from heaven might become available. Its claims and requirements were made known to the mass of the people, undoubtedly, by verbal communication from Moses, and probably also from Aaron, and others of the best instructed of the priesthood. They may, indeed, have brought in to the aid hieroglyphical or even picture-writing, till the people came to understand the new and more perfect system.

We are brought, then, so far as we can gather any light from the Bible—and this is the best light that antiquity affords—on the subject, to this conclusion, that the recording of the victory of Joshua over the Amalekites, "for a memorial, in a book," and the recording of the decalogue upon two tables of stone, are the earliest authentic instances of alphabetical writing that have been handed down to us. Here is the first spot in early antiquity, on which we can plant our feet with any degree of confidence as to the fact of alphabetic language.

Having, in this discussion, expressed our doubt of the divine origin of written language, it is proper, before we proceed further, that we should briefly indicate what seem to be insuperable objections to it:

1. The very fact that no record is made of its revelation in the sacred Scriptures, is a strong presumption against it. Nothing is more reasonable than to expect that some mention would have been made of such revelation, that the person first receiving it would have been named, and the circumstances under which it was given would have been specified. At least, the *sudden* revelation of such a system would have constituted an era in the history of our race, altogether too important to have passed into forgetfulness, or to have remained without being placed upon record.

2. Alphabetical writing seems to be the final stage of progress toward which the earlier and ruder forms were continually advancing. And hence, the presumption, at the outset, is, that it was reached by the processes of human discovery and improvement. This will account for the failure of history to make any definite record of its origin. Alphabetical writing, it is true, is an immense advance upon any form that had preceded it; and Providence may have guided to its discovery, as it often does to the grand discoveries of science and art; but we can see no necessity for considering it the immediate production of the hand of God. Horace tells the writers of his time, that a god is not to be introduced unless there is a knot to be untied worthy of a god; and he might have added, a knot which no other than a god could untie. Now, *this* knot may be worthy of a god; but the necessity of a god does not appear.

3. The most authentic tradition on record, when carefully sifted down, is not only clearly indicative of the human origin of alphabetic writing, but also furnishes us a hint as to the period of the world when it was made. The most ancient writings—except the holy Scriptures—which have come down to us from antiquity, are the fragments of the writings of Sanchoniatho, a historian who flourished about the time that Gideon was judge of Israel—or three hundred years after the giving of the law. In a volume called "The Phenix," containing a collection of the rare fragments of the writings of early antiquity, we have Sanchoniatho's History of Creation. After giving an account of the creation, and of the generations from Adam to Noah, he refers to *Amyrus*—evidently meaning *Ham*—and says that to him was born *Mira*—who is, no doubt, the *Mizraim* of Scripture, the son of Ham, and whose family, as all authentic history shows, peopled Egypt, and from hence Egypt is called *Meer* or *Mezraim*. Now, the ancient historian adds, "From Misor descended Taausus, who invented the writing of the first letters, and whom the Egyptians call *Thoor*, the Alexandrians *Thoyth*, and the Greeks *Hermes*;" and he might have added, "whom the Latins call *Mercury*." This, it should be remembered, was recorded 1200 years before Christ, and 300 after the giving of the law. As Taausus was the grandson of Mizraim, it would fix the period of the invention of letters about 400 years before the giving of the law, and about 1900 before Christ, and about the time when God called Abraham, and made his covenant with him. To this statement of the ancient Phenician historian, the traditions and histories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, remarkably agree. At the time of Christ, according to the Grecian historians, the Egyptians not only attributed the invention of letters to *Thoth*, but they connected that individual closely with the first king who reigned in Egypt. Again, while Grecians attributed the invention of letters to *Hermes*, they claim that they were brought into their own country by Cadmus, who came either from Egypt or

Phenicia, and who, according to the most authentic chronology, flourished about 1493 years before Christ, or about the time of giving the law, and some 400 years after the invention, according to the ancient authority. One thing will appear obvious in these traditions, and that is, that this *Thoth*, or *Hermes*, or *Mercury*—as you please to call him—though placed among the gods, evidently received his apotheosis on account of his wonderful invention—just as Popery is accustomed to canonize in return for eminent service. If we give any credit to these traditions, we shall be led to infer that through a period of 300 or 400 years prior to Moses, the Egyptians had possessed some knowledge of alphabetic writing; and probably the art had been gradually improving and working its way into use among the learned, till the deliverance of the Israelites. Moses being instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, would come into the knowledge of it, and thus become qualified to be not only the deliverer of his people, but also their instructor and the historian of the earlier age of the world.

4. But, one more objection. If God had communicated a language, it would have been absolutely perfect, and needed no finishing-stroke from the hand of man. Its analysis of all the sounds of which the human voice is capable, would have been absolutely perfect; and not only a letter, but one of the best possible form, would have been devised to express such sounds. Now, the Hebrew, in its early origin, was confessedly imperfect and incomplete, as every merely *consonantal* language must ever be. It was only after a lapse of ages, that it was brought to perfection by the addition of the "vowel points;" if not, indeed, by increasing the original consonantal alphabet from 16 to 22 letters. This last objection, founded as it is upon well-known and admitted facts, is, in our judgment, absolutely insuperable to the doctrine that we have received alphabetic language by revelation or inspiration from God.

Thus have we come up, groping our way through the primeval darkness and gloom, which envelop the early intellectual development of our race, till, with an emergent race, we stand upon the summit of that sublime discovery, which enables man to record his most abstract and complicated thoughts, in forms comprehensive, minute, definite, and durable. Thought could now be registered, embalmed, and preserved to coming ages. Prior to this, the wisest of all people had no exact and durable mode of recording and preserving knowledge. Even the Egyptians of that early age failed in this; they could embalm the bodies of the dead, but not the thoughts of the living.

At this juncture the heavens are opened; God himself comes down; humanity is now prepared to receive his law, and to place it upon permanent record. Brief and sententious precepts had before been given; brief and sententious communications had been made. But the embodiment of a grand moral code was reserved till now. Before this, there was nothing to guard it from the corruptions of human tradition; but now its embodiment and preservation, in precise and definite forms, is rendered practicable. And thus, at the auspicious moment, amid thunderings and lightnings, and with those solemn manifestations of the presence and power of God, which filled a whole nation with terror and alarm, the moral law—the sublimest moral code the world ever saw—was sent forth from the cloud-capped summit of Sinai.

It would be pleasant to pause at this moment, and attempt an aggregate of the intellectual treasures of the

world at that period. It would be pleasant to note the efforts employed in subsequent ages, to make the new art more effective and useful; the labors of the scribes; the materials on which and with which they wrote; the manufacture, forms, and character of their books and manuscripts; and also the renowned libraries collected either by private or public munificence during that long period when the pen was almost the exclusive instrument for the record of thought. But space would fail us; yet we must not fail to acknowledge our immense indebtedness to that earlier, cumbersome, and slow mode of recording human thought. It has come down to us freighted with the wisdom and learning of all those former ages of activity and intellectual life. In it were

treasured up and preserved for the ages to come—the sublime conceptions of Homer and Virgil, the profound wisdom of Socrates and Plato, the transcendent power of the eloquence of Demosthenes and the classic beauty of Cicero, the record of mighty heroes under whose tread the earth trembled, and before whose approach cities and empires melted away, the record of the strangest and the grandest events which have marked new eras in the world's history and have given new directions to the current of human affairs. And above all, in this were held—crystallized as it were into enduring forms of beauty and truth, for all ages and all men—the divine utterances in that grandest and most mysterious of all books—the Holy Bible.

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**STATISTICS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—From the annual Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1855, we learn that there are thirty-eight annual conferences in the United States, having an aggregate membership, traveling and local preachers included, of 811,449 souls—showing an increase over last year's numbers of 16,073. The traveling ministry numbers 5,408, and the local ministry 6,610. The amount, in cash, raised for missions, was \$197,973, being an average of about twenty-five and a half cents per member. The New England missionary contributions averaged sixty cents per member, and the Arkansas conference one half a cent per member. During the year fifty-three members of the traveling ministry died, ninety-five located, and five hundred and five persons were admitted into it.

**AUSTRALIAN GOLD STATISTICS.**—The colony of Victoria, in 1852, with about 60,000 diggers, produced, from two of the principal fields, gold equal in value to £14,000,000; in 1853, with about 80,000 diggers, and about six gold fields, £11,000,000; in 1854, with 100,000 diggers, and sixteen gold fields, £8,800,000; and this year, with upward of 100,000 diggers, and more than twenty gold fields, the estimated product is about £7,000,000, and this is obtained by applying machinery to the reworking the refuse of the old gold fields, which shows that the gold products of Victoria are decreasing.

**GOLD AND GRAIN.**—The following table shows at a glance the wealth of the United States in grain and gold: The gold in the United States was, previous to the California discoveries.....\$86,000,000  
Found in California in the years 1849 to 1854.....291,000,000  
To date in 1855.....45,000,000  
Imported in six years from elsewhere.....33,000,000

Total.....\$455,000,000  
Remitted abroad in six years and ten months.....214,000,000

Left in the country.....\$241,000,000  
Total estimate of harvest in 1855—  
Wheat, bushels.....168,000,000@185,000,000  
Indian Corn.....1,000,000,000  
Oats.....400,000,000  
Rice, pounds.....250,000,000  
Rye, barrels.....16,000,000@18,000,000  
Barley.....7,500,000  
Potatoes.....115,000,000  
Peas and Beans.....9,400,000  
Sugar, pounds.....545,000,000  
Cotton, bales.....3,200,000@3,500,000  
Hay, tons.....15,000,000

The crop of Indian corn, valued at even half the present market prices, amounts to more than all the gold from California, while the wheat crop is worth as much

as all the gold now in the country; the growth of oats, with all reasonable allowance for exaggeration, more than equals any two years' product of the California mines.

**POSTAL DEFICIT.**—The deficiency in the Post-Office Department, for 1855, was over two million and a half dollars, or some three-quarters of a million dollars more than last year. Three thousand, seven hundred miles of road service to the Department were added during the year.

**MUNIFICENT GRANTS.**—The whole amount of land voted by the United States Government, for educational purposes, to the 1st of January, 1854, is estimated at 52,970,231 acres, which at the minimum price of such lands when first brought into market, represented the magnificent sum of \$66,000,000, but which at this time could not be worth less than \$200,000,000.

**NEW PLANETS DISCOVERED.**—Two more little planets have been discovered; one by the astronomers of Paris, to which Le Verrier has given the name of *Atlanta*; the other at the observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf, Switzerland, and named *Fides*. There are now thirty-seven on the list of these tiny worlds.

**MINISTERIAL SUPPORT IN OHIO.**—We have been looking over the several annual Minutes published by the Ohio, North Ohio, and Cincinnati conferences, and from them we glean the following facts: The highest salary paid any one preacher in the Ohio conference was \$700, exclusive of house rent, and the lowest \$65, inclusive, so far as we can gather, of every thing. The average salaries of the preachers in the conference is about \$300 a year. In the North Ohio conference the highest amount paid any one preacher was \$548, and the lowest \$22. Several received less than \$100 for the year. The average for the whole conference is less than in the Ohio conference. In the Cincinnati conference the highest salary paid, exclusive of house rent, was \$1,200, and the lowest \$110. The average salary throughout the conference was, we learn by a close calculation, a few cents short of \$380. Reviewing the whole, it appears that Methodist preachers, in the great state of Ohio, do not quite average \$325 per annum as their support.

**PRIZE ESSAY ON BENEFICENCE.**—Some months ago the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church offered the sum of \$600 for the best essay on Systematic Beneficence—said essay to be published by the Tract Society in book form. The committee of adjudication met in

New York city December 6th, and made their report on the manuscripts examined. Instead of giving the \$600 to one writer, they divided it as follows: To Rev. Abel Stevens, of the National Magazine, \$300 for an essay entitled, *The Great Reform*; to Rev. Lorenzo White, of Massachusetts, \$200 for an essay entitled, *Systematic Benevolence*; and to Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry, of Chillicothe, Ohio, \$100 for an essay entitled, *Honoring God with our Substance*. These essays are to be published immediately.

**TROY UNIVERSITY.**—Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, has been elected President of this institution, and will, we understand, enter upon the duties of the office during the current year. An endowment of \$200,000 has been secured for the institution, and sufficient means are on hand to put up the necessary college buildings, work on which will begin early in the spring.

**MICHIGAN METHODISM.**—Methodism was introduced into Michigan in 1810, by the Rev. Wm. Case. The following table exhibits its growth by decades down to the present year:

In	1815	10 members.	Increase in ten years of
In	1825	150	140, or 1,400 per cent.
In	1835	4,381	4,231, or 2,820.60 per cent.
In	1845	16,364	11,983, or 271.23 per cent.
In	1855	22,127	5,763, or 35.21 per cent.

The ratio of its increase, compared with the population of the state, is as follows:

In	1810	1 Methodist to every 4,762	of the population.
In	1820	444	" "
In	1830	41	" "
In	1840	18 nearly	" "
In	1850	23	" "
In	1855	14	" "

The Michigan conference has 173 traveling preachers. The estimated value of its 161 churches and 92 parsonages is \$249,100.

**CANADIAN SCHOOLS.**—In the year 1853 Upper Canada had 8 colleges, 256 academies and seminaries, 3,539 teachers in employ, and 208,000 pupils in attendance upon these several institutions. In Lower Canada, in the same year, the total number of educational institutions was 2,418, of teachers 2,212, and of pupils 108,294. The sum total paid in both Upper and Lower Canada for educational purposes was \$1,072,000.

**MISSOURI UNIVERSITY.**—The Legislature of the state of Missouri recently declared vacant all the chairs in this institution, in consequence, we believe, to get rid of President Shannon, whose too ultra and unblushing advocacy of slavery was damaging the cause of education even in Missouri.

**THE AMERICAN MINISTRY AND THE AMERICAN POPULATION.**—The following table shows the relative supply of ministers of evangelical Churches in the United States in 1832, 1843, and 1854:

	Population.	Ministers.
In 1832.....	18,713,842.....	9,537
In 1843.....	18,768,822.....	17,073
In 1854.....	25,953,000.....	25,427

Which exhibits

In 1832	1 minister to every 1,437 souls.
In 1843	" " " 1,093 "
In 1854	" " " 1,020 "

There was

In 1832	1 communicant to every 7½ souls.
In 1843	" " " 6 "
In 1854	" " " 6½ "

The foregoing tables are founded on the United States census reports, and may be considered accurate. The number of ministers and Church members is certainly not so great as could be desired, yet it is a fact of great

importance, that the increase was thirty per cent. more than that of the population from 1832 to 1854.

**REQUESTS TO CHURCHES.**—Jonathan Coit, Esq., deceased, of New London, Connecticut, bequeathed to the several evangelical Churches and benevolent societies of New London, the sum of \$48,500. The money bequeathed to the Churches is to be safely invested and its proceeds appropriated to the benefit of the ministers connected therewith. The two Congregational Churches get \$12,000; the three Baptist \$9,000; the two Methodist Churches \$6,000; the Episcopal Church \$3,000; the Seamen's Friend Society \$2,500; the Centenary Society \$6,000; and the poor in the alms-house \$10,000. Mr. Coit's entire property, at his death, was worth \$300,000.

**NOAH WEBSTER'S SPELLING-BOOK.**—Of the Elementary Spelling-Book, by the late Noah Webster, LL. D., one million, two hundred thousand copies were sold by one firm in New York city in 1854, and nearly the same amount by the same firm in 1855—making an aggregate, in twenty-four months, of over two million copies, or an average of nearly eighty-five thousand copies sold per month, or, allowing twenty-six selling days in the month, an average sale per day of about 3,200 copies.

**HARPER AND BROTHERS.**—The first book ever published by the Harpers was one of Scott's novels, then published anonymously. This was thirty-eight years ago. They now keep in continual employ more than thirty steam presses, and have published between one thousand and eleven hundred books. The New York Publisher's Circular says they keep in constant employ six hundred persons, and that their establishment is the largest publishing house in the world.

**M. L. CHITWOOD.**—Miss M. Louisa Chitwood, well known for her contributions to many western newspapers and periodicals, and among these the Ladies' Repository, died, after a short illness, of typhoid fever, at her residence in Mt. Carmel, Indiana, December 19th. Her age was twenty-three years. She was one of the editors of the Ladies' Temperance Wreath, at the time of her decease. Long a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a possessor in her heart of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, she died in peace.

**SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.**—The remains of Sir John Franklin and his company were found, early in August last, by Mr. J. G. Stewart, of the Hudson Bay Company, on Montreal Island, near the mouth of Back river, latitude fifty-eight degrees north. Iron kettles, with the mark of the British Government, and other articles, were obtained from the Esquimaux living in the vicinity. Sir John and his men died of starvation.

**CITY AND COUNTRY RELIGIOUS EXPENSES.**—Take two congregations, say of equal wealth and numbers. Let one be a city Church and the other a country one. A careful calculation from statistics furnished, will show that the city congregation gives at least three times as much per year toward supporting the ministry, the Bible cause, etc., as the country. Whence this difference? and why? The city members do not give any too much, nor enough even. What is the inference? It is this: the world will never, and can never be converted, till Christians give more liberally of their substance to God and his servants. It is the closeness of professed Christians which is clogging the wheels of the Gospel car, and not till this feeling is removed can the millennium come.

THE GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE becomes entitled to \$100,000 by the bequest of Mrs. Garrett.



## Literary Notices.

## NEW BOOKS.

Few periods in the history of Spain have occupied the pen of the historian more frequently than that of the reign of Philip the Second. Yet, no one history of that important reign can for a moment satisfy the first requisition of modern literature. Watson's, which is probably the most popular of these histories, possesses great perspicuity of style, and exhibits great skill in the management of its parts, so that the reader's interest continues unabated to the end. But it lacks the substantial foundation of widely collated and thoroughly investigated facts. Hence Mr. Prescott has correctly assumed that this period in Spanish history is still open ground to English and American writers. No man was better prepared to enter upon that ground and occupy it than the author of the history of Ferdinand and Isabella; and from a careful examination of his two sturdy volumes, now issued, we are constrained to believe that Mr. Prescott will leave nothing to be desired relating to the history of this period. He has not confined himself to the mere record of political events; but has presented a picture of the intellectual culture, the condition and manners of the people. Nor has he in the arrangement of the new narrative, confined himself altogether to the chronological order of events, but has thrown them into masses, so as to produce a distinct impression on the reader. The careful painstaking of the author in gathering the material for his work, is evidenced not only in the current narrative, but also in his constant citation of the original authorities from which his facts were drawn. At this period, Spain was, perhaps, the most potent monarchy in Europe. Philip was the most energetic and powerful monarch of his time; and all his personal energies as well as the resources of his kingdom were enlisted to stem the torrent of reformation and to uphold the fortunes of the Papal Church. In fact, the history of Philip the Second is the history of Europe during the latter part of the sixteenth century—a period of stirring events, and involving consequences of vast moment to all Europe, if not to the world. We are proud that the author of this history is *our countryman—an American*. An English house offered \$5,000 for each volume of the work, if it could be copyrighted in England. Fascinating in style, brilliant in imagery, broad in intellectual view, keen in logic, and unquestionable in its historical data, the work combines the highest elements of historical excellence. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 618, 610. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

POETRY and flowers are twin sisters. It is a false notion that they combine nothing of the practical in their mission to humanity. That which gives wing to lofty thought and impulse to pure feeling is practical in the truest and best sense of that word; and such is the mission of the beautiful, whether in intellect or in nature. A collection of the choicest "Hill-Side Flowers," gathered from a wide range, culled by a skillful hand, arranged with excellent taste, and got up in superb style, is now before us. Bishop Simpson prefixes a beautiful introduction. The profits of the work are to be consecrated to benevolence. The "holidays" are passed; but this will be a standard gift-book from our Book Con-

cern. New York: Carlton & Phillips. Octavo. 240 pp. Gilt. Price, \$1.75.

FANNY FERN has acquired notoriety; and of this she seems ambitious. "ROSE CLARK," her latest work, possesses many of her highest excellences, and some of her most glaring defects. Once taken up, however, it will not easily be laid down, at least not before its readers reach that gate across the road—"THE END." New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. 417 pp. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby.

AMONG the periodicals designed especially for the young, FORRESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE ranks first in the country. Its articles are short, piquant, entertaining, and instructive. Bound it makes a beautiful illustrated volume of 376 large double-column pages. In monthly numbers it comes at \$1 per annum. Parents will confer a great favor on their children by ordering it from F. & G. C. Rand, Boston, Mass.

LAST month we noticed a charming juvenile work—"MAN-OF-WAR LIFE." We are pleased to learn that its sale amounts to thousands. Now we have before us "THE MERCHANT VESSEL," from the same author. The story is told in a simple and attractive style; and possesses a naturalness not to be attained without actual experience. The moral tone of the work is excellent. And parents may without hesitation put it into the hands of their children. We speak from personal acquaintance, with both the author and his works. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach & Keys. For sale, also, by Miller & Orton, New York; Lippincott, Philadelphia; and Whittemore, of Boston. 16mo. 288 pp. 75 cents.

SOME TIME since we noticed "LITTLE NELL," the first of a series of juvenile works, extracted from some of the leading works of Charles Dickens. Now we have "LITTLE PAUL," taken from *Dombey & Son*; "OLIVER AND THE JEW FAGIN," taken from *Oliver Twist*; and "FLORENCE DOMBEY," from *Dombey & Son*. They make an attractive series for the young. The volumes are 18mo., and of about 200 pages each. New York: Redfield. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach & Keys.

MR. BONNER has pursued the plan of producing a counterpart of Dickens's "Child's History of England," and of giving the children of the United States a history of the Union which "may help them, by and by, to read with interest larger and better books on the same subject." The story of the colonies and of the war of independence is told in a very lucid, lively manner. It is well done, and will be of much service in rendering the history of our country attractive to the young. It is entitled "A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," by J. Bonner. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 16mo. Pp. 308 and 326.

A MOURNFUL interest is attached to the history of CHARLES LAMB. He possessed talents of the highest order; but became the victim of the hideous monster, intemperance. The Messrs. Harper have recently issued, in two 12mo. volumes, his works, edited by T. Noon Talford. The first volume comprises memorials and letters; the second, the celebrated "Essays of Elia," and other productions. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

SCHOOLS OF CINCINNATI, by J. P. Foote, is an octavo volume of 232 pages, and contains much statistical and other matter interesting to the friends of education, and especially to Cincinnatians. It is published by Moore, Wiltach & Keys.

MODERN PILGRIMS, showing the Improvements in Travel, and the Newest Methods of reaching the Celestial City, is designed to teach and vindicate evangelical religion, and to expose and show the absurdity of some of the modern errors of theological and skeptical speculatists. It is Baptist in its theological bias. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. 302 and 396 pp.

MES. STOWE seems to have opened an inexhaustible mine in her "Uncle Tom." Others are working the same vein, if not with equal power and success, at least with a success amply sufficient to encourage effort. CASTE, a work of this class, now before us, possesses considerable power—much more than many of its class—and will no doubt have a run. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. 540 pp. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

AMONG the juvenile works issued by our Book Concern, few are more deeply interesting and instructive to the young than HARRY BUDD; or, the History of an Orphan Boy. The story is told in a simple and natural style, and will attract old as well as young people. New York: Carlton & Phillips. Square 18mo. 235 pp.

THE same publishers have also issued HENRY'S BIRTHDAY; or, Beginning to be a Missionary. Square 18mo. 159 pp. An excellent book for children.

VERY similar in size and general appearance is another work from the same publishers, contains a Scripture verse and a pious reflection for every day in the year. Such a book may well bear the title of "A STRING OF PEARLS."

"THE MYSTERIOUS STORY-BOOK," recently issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York, appears under the auspices of Miss C. M. Sedgwick. In her preface to the work she says it may justly take rank with the "Wide, Wide World," and the "Lamplighter." For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE lived in what the French consider their Augustan Age. Her LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTERS AND FRIENDS, for nearly two centuries, have been ranked among the finest specimens of elegant literature. The edition before us is edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and published by Mason & Brothers of New York. Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

WE have received THE ELM-TREE TALES, by Irene F. B. Smith, containing Jennie Grizew, the Street-Sweeper; Nannie Bates, the Huckster's Daughter; and Archibald Mackie, the Little Cripple. Published by Mason & Brothers; and for sale by Applegate & Co.

SARGENT'S STANDARD FIRST READER FOR THE YOUNGEST LEARNERS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856.—This is one of the Standard Readers in the Boston and other schools, and well adapted to its designed purpose.

HABITS AND MEN; with Remnants of Record touching the makers of both. By Dr. Doran. New York: Redfield. 12mo. 402 pp. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati. A queer work.

KLOSTERHEIM; or, the Mosque. By Thomas de Quincy. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach & Keys. 16mo. 250 pp.

NORA'S CHILD. 12mo. 504 pp. New York: J. C. Derby. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

REV. PROFESSOR LEAVITT, of the Ohio University, has just issued "FAITH, a Poem, in three parts." It is printed at the Western Book Concern, and may be had through the ordinary channels. Next month we hope to have space for a fuller notice of it; but we will now say that we heard it read in manuscript, and do not hesitate to pronounce it a poem of high order of merit.

GEOFFREY MONCTON. By Mrs. Moodie. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 12mo. 362 pp. For sale by Moore, Wiltach & Keys, Cincinnati.

WAGEE OF BATTLE; a Tale of Saxon Slavery. By H. W. Herbert. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

#### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

LONDON QUARTERLY.—The American edition of this work for October contains, 1. Peter Daniel Huet—Life and Opinions. 2. School Sermons. 3. The Newcomes. 4. The Caldwell Papers. 5. The Charities and the Poor of London. 6. Latin Dictionary. 7. Arago and Brougham on Men and Science. 8. Pitt and Fox. New York: L. Scott & Co. \$3 per annum.

NORTH BRITISH for November contains, 1. Education for the Metropolis of Manufacture. 2. Poetical Works of Butler. 3. Reign of the House of Orleans in France. 4. Books from Ireland. 5. Home Reformation and Christian Union. 6. Cabinets and Statesmen. 7. Fielding and Thackeray. 8. Morley on Augustinianism. 9. The Paris Exhibition and the Patent Laws. 10. The Significance of the Struggle. Republished by L. Scott & Co., New York. \$3.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, for the year 1855, makes a sturdy octavo pamphlet of 180 pages. Some note of its contents may be found elsewhere.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH-WESTERN INDIANA CONFERENCE. Pamphlet. 8vo. 40 pp.

CATALOGUE OF GENESSEE COLLEGE.—Rev. J. Cummings, D. D., President, assisted by six professors. Rev. S. Seager, D. D., is Principal of the academic department, assisted by ten teachers. Students in the college department, 82; in the academic, 751: total, 833.

METHODIST GENERAL BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.—The Faculty are, Rev. S. M. Vail, A. M., Rev. John W. Merrill, D. D., and Rev. David Patten, D. D. Students—senior class, 19; middle, 17; junior, 28: total, 64. The policy of ministerial education may now be considered as a fixed fact in our economy. How is it that none of our colleges have as yet conferred the doctorate on the finest oriental scholar in our Church? We refer to Rev. S. M. Vail. Wake up, ye dozy dignitaries, and do yourselves an honor.

NEWBURY SEMINARY.—Rev. C. W. Cushing, A. M., Principal, assisted by twelve teachers. Number of students, 453.

HAMLIN UNIVERSITY, at Red Wing, Minnesota.—Rev. Jabez Brooks, A. M., Principal, assisted by two teachers. Students, 139.

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.—N. C. Brooks, A. M., President, assisted by twelve teachers. Number of students in the collegiate department, 98; in the preparatory, 48: total, 146.

APPLETON'S CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY, edited by Dr. Hawks, will soon be issued. It promises to be a splendid affair.

## Notes and Queries.

CHARLES WESLEY'S HYMN—ANSWER.—I notice in the December number of the Repository the following inquiry by "Beta:" "What is Mr. C. Wesley's meaning in the first verse of his well-known hymn, commencing,

'All praise to Him who dwells in bliss—  
Who made both day and night;  
Whose throne is darkness in th' abyss  
Of uncreated light?'

Does he mean that the throne of God is darkness in an abyss of uncreated light?"

If Mr. C. Wesley meant nothing by these two lines more than "Beta" gathers from them, this verse is certainly not much to his credit as a poet; for, in the first two lines of the verse, we find nothing but unmeaning platitudes, fitted, by their jingle, to the last two lines, which contain all the poetry of the verse; for I can not think the poet could have been guilty of intending any but a rhyming connection between "day and night," and "darkness in uncreated light."

I think Beta's second thought would have been that this is the idea which the poet intended to convey: That the throne of God, inconceivably bright as it is, is, nevertheless, but dark in comparison with the blazing splendor of the light which has shone about it from eternity. The "abyss" is simply absurd—beyond the utmost stretch of poetic license. RICH. ENDON.

A SECOND ANSWER.—We give our readers the benefit of another very fine "note" upon the same query:

A correspondent inquires what Charles Wesley means in the expression,

"Whose throne is darkness in th' abyss  
Of uncreated light."

His conjecture of the meaning is correct. The idea of God's throne being darkness in the midst of light, is derived from the Scriptures. These represent God as making darkness his secret place—that is, his throne—and thick clouds his pavilion: as shrouding himself in obscurity, and hiding in the duskiness of the night. Thus secret and unseen himself, in his unapproachable habitation, there burns about him the fire, and the lightnings play around him: before him is the brightness, and flaming arrows leap forth from his presence: a fiery stream issues from before him, and the light is spread about him as a garment. Though darkness is his throne, he dwells in light; and though the thick darkness is his habitation, there shines about it the radiance of divine glory.

Imitating these descriptions of holy writ, Milton pens that sublime passage—

"Thee, Father, first they sang, omnipotent,  
Immutable, immortal, infinite,  
Eternal king; thee, Author of all being,  
Mountain of light, thyself invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou wilt sit  
Throned, inaccessible, but where thou shadest  
The full blaze of thy beams; and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,  
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes."  
*Paradise Lost*, b. iii, 372 sqq.

And, in like manner, Dryden invokes the eternal Spirit:

"Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,  
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight:

O teach me to believe thee thus concealed,  
And search no further than thyself revealed!"

*Hind and Panther*, verses 66-69.

It will be seen that Charles Wesley uses the same expression as Dryden; but both poets derive their ideas from the volume of Divine inspiration. In the revised edition of our Hymn-Book, the lofty grandeur of this conception is destroyed by the tame and spiritless substitution:

"Whose throne is in the vast abyss  
Of uncreated light;"

a change, not only wholly unwarrantable, but exceedingly prosaic. S. W. W.

DEATH IN THE MIDST OF LIFE.—The expression, "in the midst of life we are in death," is to be found in the burial service of the Common Prayer-Book, or Methodist Discipline, which is copied from it. S. W. W.

A POETIC EXTRAVAGANZA.—In a late number of the Repository a querist wishes to know the authorship of the lines commencing,

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
And were the skies of parchment made," etc.

They are ascribed to a lunatic, upon the wall of whose cell they were found written after his death. The conceit contained in them is worthy only of a madman.

Mohammed, that prince of madmen, makes use of the same figure in one of the chapters of his Koran—"If the sea were ink to write the words of my Lord, verily the sea would fail before the words of my Lord would fail: yea, even though were added another sea like unto it for a further supply." Such conceptions are beneath criticism. S. W. W.

ODD TITLES OF BOOKS IN FORMER TIMES.—In 1686 a pamphlet was published in London entitled, "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at." About the year 1649, there was published a work entitled, "A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry," and another called, "The Snuffers of Divine Love." Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title-pages. The author of a work on charity entitles his book, "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches." Another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, calls his labors, "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." And another, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." A Quaker, whose outward man the powers that were thought proper to imprison, published, "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an earthly Vessel, known among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish." About the same time there was also published, "The Spiritual Mustard-pot, to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion; Salvation's Vantage-Ground, or a Louping Sand for Heavy Believers." Another, "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Headquarters through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenantant." This is an author who speaks plain language, which the most illiterate reprobate can not fail to understand. Another, "A Reaping-hook well tempered, for the Stubborn Ears of the coming Crop; or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." To another we have the

following copious description of its contents: "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the princely Prophet David; whereunto are also added, William Humius's Handful of Honeysuckles, and divers Godly and Pithy Ditties now newly augmented."

THE WORD PANIC is said to have originated on this wise. At the battle of Platea the air resounded with a fearful cry, which the Athenians attributed to the god Pan. The Persians were so alarmed that they fled. Hence originated *panic fear*, or, in course of time, simply panic.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket-ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket-ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk two hundred feet in the ocean, will not rise, on account of the pressure of the water. In the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child, on a still day, across a water a mile wide.

SINGULAR EPIGRAMS.—From the English Notes and Queries we excerpt a few curiosities in the epitaph line:

"Thus youth, and age, and all things pass away,  
Thy turn is now as his was yesterday;  
To-morrow shall another take thy room,  
The next day he a prey for worms become;  
And on your dusty bones shall others tread,  
As you now walk and trample on the dead,  
'Till neither sign nor memory appear,  
That you had ever birth or being here."

On Robert Gardiner and his wife, who died æt. 21, 1658.

"Roger lies here before his hour—  
Thus doth the Gardiner lose his flower."

"As us am so must you be,  
Therefore prepare to follow we."

The above is an epitaph common in many country church-yards in another form; but this is given as illustrating one of the peculiarities of the dialect of Somersetshire. It was copied some years ago in the churchyard at Porlock, where it was over the tomb of a father and his son.

EPIGRAMS OF THE PENELL FAMILY.—The following epitaphs, in memory of three members of the Penell family of Woodstone, are copied from brazen tablets in the chancel of Lindridge church, in Worcestershire:

I. "WILLIAM PENELL. Died, 1623.

"This stone, that covers earth and claye,  
Longe in the earth uncovered laye;  
Man fort it from the mother's wombe,  
And made thereof for man a tombe,  
And now it speakes, and thus doth saye—  
The life of man is but a daye;  
The daye will passe, the night must come;  
Then here, poore man, is all thy roome.  
The writer and the reader must,  
Like this good man, be tur'd to duste:  
He lived well, and soe doe thou;  
Then fear not death, when, where, or howe  
It comes; 'twill end all grieffe and paine,  
And make thee ever live againe.

"Mors mihi vita."

II. "EDWARD PENELL. Died, 1666.

"In noe little place doth lye,  
Virtue, goodness, loyalty;  
One who in all relations stood,  
And basest times, both true and good.  
'Tis for noe common losse our teares are paid,  
Here the best husband, father, friend, is laid.  
"Vivit post funera Virtus."

III. "EDWARD PENELL. Died, 1657.

"Here rests his earthy part, whose soule above  
Views her bright Maker face to face, and proves  
Pure joys which shall be full and perfect, when  
These broken organs shall be peeced agen,  
And reformed. Reader, before thou passe,  
Take his example, a clear looking-glasse,  
To dress thy soul by, learne of him to bee  
Good in bad times who mayst live worse to see.  
"Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur."

N. L. T.

A CIRCLE ROUND THE MOON.—"Does it portend foul weather?" A writer in the English Notes and Queries says: As a rule, a circle round the moon indicates rain and wind. When seen with a north, or north-east wind, we may look for stormy weather, especially if the circle be large; with the wind in any other quarter we may expect rain; so also when the ring is small, and the moon seems covered with mist. If, however, the moon rise after sunset, and a circle be soon after formed round it, no rain is foreboded. Here—Kuik, Netherlands—we have this proverb:

"Een kring om de maan,  
Die kan vergaan;  
Maar een kring om de zon  
Geeft water in de ton."  
"A ring round the moon  
May pass away soon;  
But a ring round the sun  
Gives water in the tun."

Another version obtains among seamen—

"Een kring om de maan,  
Dat kan nog gaan;  
Maar een kring om de zon  
Daar hullen vrouw en kind'ren om."  
"A ring round the moon  
May soon go by;  
But a ring round the sun  
Makes wife and child cry."

From the Navorscher.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—*Mr. Editor*,—Herewith I furnish a method, which has been suggested for the solution of that grand puzzle of mathematicians—"the squaring of the circle." If the thing is not fairly done, I would like to have some of your learned notations point out the fallacy in the argument or the error in the application. The method is simply this: If you take a silver wire, twelve inches and a quarter long—the quarter being allowed to unite the two ends—you have a circular wire exactly twelve inches; and if this wire is made to form the true square, each of its sides will be equal to three inches, and the area equal to nine square inches. Now, if the same wire is allowed to assume the true circle, it is evident that the area of the circle will be the same as it was in the square. For instance, if a wall be built around a city, and it is found to be twelve miles round, the area of that city is nine square miles. Therefore, the square of any circle is equal to three-fourths of the length of its own circumference.

PARADISE LOST AND THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.—An English biographer has discovered an interesting note



appended to a page in Symmon's *Life of Milton*. It reads as follows: "Napoleon Bonaparte declared to Sir Colin Campbell, who had charge of his person at the Isle of Elba, that he was a great admirer of our Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and that he had read it to some purpose, for that the plan of the battle of Austerlitz he borrowed from the sixth book of that work, where Satan brings his artillery to bear upon Michael and his angelic host with such direful effect:

"Training his devilish inquiry, impal'd  
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud."

"This new mode of warfare appeared to Bonaparte so likely to succeed, if applied to actual use, that he determined upon its adoption, and succeeded beyond expectation. A reference to the details of that battle will be found to assimilate so completely with Milton's imaginary fight, as to leave no doubt of the assertion."—*J. Browne*.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH CHARADE.—The following charade, which has often excited the attention of the curious, is said to have been solved by Dean Peacock, and by no one else. Will any of our friends try their hand at it?

"I sit here on a rock while I'm raising ye wind,  
But the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind.  
I have kings at my feet, who wait but my nod,  
To kneel down in the dust on the ground I have trod.  
I am seen by the world, I am known but to few;  
The Gentiles detest me! I'm 'pork' to the Jew!  
I never have passed but one night in ye dark,  
And that was with Noah, all alone in the ark.  
My weight is 3 lbs.: my length is a mile!  
And when I'm discovered, you'll say, with a smile,  
My first and my last are the best in our isle!"

A NUT-TREE MANURED BY BEATING.—There is an ungallant old saw:

"A wife, a spaniel, and a walnut-tree,  
The more they're beaten the better they'll be."

Fuller, in his quaint *History of the Holy War*, uses the expression, "Who, like a nut-tree, must be manured by beating, or else would not bear fruit." Trench, in his *Notes on the "Parable of the Barren Fig-Tree,"* quotes from an Arabian author the following receipt for curing a palm-tree of barrenness: "Thou must take a hatchet, and go to the tree with a friend, unto whom thou sayest, 'I will cut down this tree, for it is unfruitful.' He answers, 'Do not so, this year it will certainly bear fruit.' But the other says, 'It must needs be, it must be hewn down,' and gives the stem of the tree three blows with the back of the hatchet. But the other restrains him, crying, 'Nay, do it not, thou wilt certainly have fruit from it this year, only have patience with it, and be not over hasty in cutting it down; if it still refuses to bear fruit, then cut it down.' Then will the tree that year be certainly fruitful, and bear abundantly." What does the witty divine mean by the nut-tree being manured by beating it? Who can answer?

MINOR QUERIES.—*Shall we call the Holy Spirit it?*—"Mr. Editor,—I notice the clergymen in this country very commonly use the pronoun *it* to designate the Holy Spirit. I would like to know what reasons can be assigned to justify such use. J. C."

LADY HUNTINGDON'S CONNECTION.—"Sir, can you or any of your correspondents inform me whether 'Lady Huntingdon's connection' still maintains a distinct existence? If so, do they publish any organ? what is it? and where is it published? O. M."

## Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

EYE AND WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.—It may not be generally known, that, according to Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon, the primeval name, *Eve*, is derived from a root, which signifies to talk—a fact which may possibly account for the origin of the phrase, "a woman's privilege." We confess we do not see why they should be denied the exercise of their prerogative, for they generally talk with more "pith, point, and pathos," and their bird-like, dulcet voices sound far more musical than do those of the opposite sex.

EMERSON ON LOVE.—Be our experience in particular what it may, no man ever forgets the visitations of that power upon his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art—which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and night of varied enchantments—when a single tone could thrill the heart, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory—when we become all eye, when one is present—all memory, when one is gone.

WORTH MAKES THE MAN.—Robert Burns, on his way to Leith, one morning, met a country farmer; he shook him earnestly by the hand, and stopped to converse a while. A young Edinburgh blood took the poet to task for this defect of taste. "Why, you fantastic gomeril," said Burns, "it was not the great-coat, the scone bonnet, and the saundaer boot-hose I spoke to, but the man that was

in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day."

SUSPICIONS OF TREASON.—*Paradise Lost*, when ready for the press, was nearly being suppressed through the ignorance or malice of the licenser, who saw, or fancied treason in the following noble simile:

"As when the sun, new risen,  
Looks through the horizontal, misty air,  
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs."

POPERY AND THE PRESS.—One of the most remarkable instances of sagacity of which we have any record, is Wolsey's remark on the press. Speaking in the name of the Romish clergy, this haughty prelate said, "We must destroy the press, or the press will destroy us." How truly foreseen, and how entirely verified!

SOWING TARES AND SAWING TREES.—Rev. Dr. Bethune relates an amusing instance of a phonographic blunder. Reading one morning a report of one of his discourses of the day before, he found the remark, "And the adversary came among them and sowed tares," printed, "And the adversary came among them and *sawed trees*." The mistake arose from the clipped words, "*ad. tre.*"

THE EPILEPTIC REVIEW.—By a ridiculous error of the press, the *Eclectic Review* was advertised the other day as

the *Epileptic Review*; and, on inquiry being made for it at a bookseller's shop, the bibliopole replied, "He knew of no periodical called the *Epileptic Review*, though there might be such a publication coming out by fits and starts."

**THREE CHEERS.**—One Sunday, recently, during high mass, at twelve, in the village of Glentarriff, Ireland, three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from one of those heavy summer showers which so frequently occur in the south of Ireland. The officiating priest, knowing who they were, and wishing to appear respectful to them, stooped down to his attendant, who was on his knees, and whispered to him, "Three *chairs* for the Protestant ladies." The clerk, who was rather an ignorant man, stood up, and shouted out to the congregation, "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" which the congregation immediately took up, and gave three hearty cheers, while the clergyman actually stood dumbfounded.

**OUGH.**—Honorable Horace Mann, in a lecture on spelling, uses the following language: "Ough is pronounced differently in each of the following words: bough, cough, hough, though, thought, through, thorough, tough; and, surely, this is tough enough. From this combination was formed the celebrated couplet,

'Though the tough cough and hicough plough me through,  
O'er life's dark lough, I still my way pursue.'

**A NOVEL AMUSEMENT.**—The editor of a newspaper thus introduces some verses: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in his grave many years for his own amusement."

**DESIRING PRAYERS.**—The lady of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage, sent a note to the clergyman of the parish, expressing the following meaning: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Unfortunately, the good matron was not skilled in punctuation, nor had the minister quick vision. He read the note as it was written: "A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

**POLITICAL WITTICISM.**—The following epigram was written on a pane of glass, in a tavern window, at Huddersfield, England:

"The queen is with us, Whigs exulting say,  
'For, when she found us in, she let us stay.'  
It may be so, but give me leave to doubt  
How long she'll keep you when she finds you out."

**SINGULAR ANACHRONISMS.**—Grotesque anachronisms appear in the efforts of painters. In one of Albert Durer's paintings of St. Peter denying the Savior, a Roman legionary is represented as smoking a *pipe of tobacco*! In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up Isaac, the patriarch is shown in the act of holding a *blunderbuss* to his son's head.

**APT USE OF INITIALS IN AN ANAGRAM.**—An apt use of initials, in the expression of an idea, appears in the following couplet, written on the alleged intended marriage of the old Duke of Wellington with Angelina Burdett Coutts, the rich heiress:

"The Duke must in his second childhood be,  
Since in his doting age he turns to A B C."

**SCOTLAND LARGER THAN ENGLAND.**—An Englishman and a Highland gentleman, in a social interview, were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course, at an argument of this kind, a Scotchman possesses, from constant practice, overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good that he beat his opponent on every point. At last, the English-

man put a poser. "You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the confident reply; "you see, sir, ours is a mountainous, yours is a flat country. Now, if all our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles."

**DIogenes AND ARISTIPPUS.**—Diogenes once said to Aristippus, "If you could eat cabbages, you would not have to pay your court to the great;" to which Aristippus replied, "If you could pay your court to the great, you would not have to eat cabbages."

**DIFFERENT MODES OF SALUTATION.**—The characters of nations are sometimes observable in their modes of saluting. In some of the southern provinces of China they say, "Ya faa?—Have you eaten your rice?"—their content depending upon a sufficiency of that article. The Dutch, being great eaters, have a morning salutation of, "Smaakelyk eten!—May you eat a hearty dinner!" and another arising out of their early nautical habits, "Hoe vaart u?—How do you sail?" The usual salutation at Cairo is, "How do you sweat?"—a dry, hot skin being indicative of ephemeral fever. A proud, stiff Spaniard says, "Come esta?—How do you stand?" while the levity of the Frenchman appears, "How do you carry yourself?"

**AN IDEA STRIKES ME.**—A foolish fellow said in company, "An idea strikes me." A wag replied, "I am surprised at it."

**SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE.**—A lady, who gave herself great airs of importance, on being introduced to a gentleman for the first time, said, with much cool indifference, "I think, sir, I have seen you somewhere." "Very likely," replied the gentleman, with equal sang froid, "you may, ma'am, as I have been there very often."

**YANKEE INGENUITY.**—"Shan't I see you hum from sing-in-skul to-night, Jerushy?" "No, you shan't do no such thing! I don't want you nor your company, Reuben." "P'raps you did n't exactly understand what I said?" "Yes I did. You asked me if you might n't see me hum." "Woy, no I did n't—I only asked how your marm was!"

**THE TRUE REFORMER.**—The true reformer is he who creates new institutions, and gives them life and energy, and trusts them for throwing off such evil humors as may be lying in the body-politic. The true reformer is the seminal reformer, not the radical. And this is the way the Sower, who went forth to sow His seed, did really reform the world, without making any open assault to uproot what was already existing.

**THE GOOD WIFE.**—The good wife is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in a variety of suits every day new; as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once. But our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and if of high parentage, she doth not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match.—*Fuller*.

**THE BAD WIFE.**—I pity from my heart the unhappy man who has a bad wife. She is shackles on his feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden on his shoulder, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.—*Osborne*.

**TRANSCENDENTALISM DEFINED.**—"Transcendentalism is the spiritual cognoscent of psychological irrefragability, connected with concurrent ademption of incoluminent spirituality, and etherialized contention of subsolatory concretion."

## Editor's Table.

CHICAGO.—"Westward the star of empire takes its way." The wonderful tales of Alladin seem destined to have their realization in fact—almost, in this western world. More potent spells than the magic lamp could ever effect are giving birth to cities in a single day. Nor are they imaginary cities—to be seen only upon maps, but real cities, populated by energetic and hardy sons, aggregating commerce, bristling with manufactories, amassing wealth, piling up "brick and mortar," or glittering in snowy marble, and becoming grand centers of immensely productive rural districts.

Foremost, as the great city of the north-west, present and prospectively, stands Chicago, a view of which accompanies this number. In the foreground is Lake Michigan. We look westward, having a bird's-eye view of the city. The mouth of the Chicago river forms the only harbor for vessels. As we pass up the river we find it spanned by several draw bridges, which connect the northern and southern parts of the city. The main river, which passes in an easterly direction through the city, is formed by the confluence of the northern and southern branches, which are prominent in the western part of the city. The rapid expansion of the city has been such that already its western suburbs stretch far beyond these branches of the Chicago. To the west stretches away one vast prairie, crossed by the lines of railroad which connect Chicago with the distant Mississippi. From the south come in the roads that connect Chicago with central, and, in fact, southern Illinois. Winding around the southern bend of Lake Michigan are those which connect it with all the east. A vast region finds its natural center in Chicago, and can not fail to contribute to its continued growth and expansion. The city was first laid out in 1830; in 1840 it had a population of 4,470. Fourteen years later its population was 55,000. What it now is, or what it will be in 1860, we shall not venture to guess.

We regret that our space will not allow us to give fuller details of its progress and prospects. To our eye its site seemed a dead level, elevated a few feet above the surface of the lake; we believe, however, it is entirely exempt from such "overflows" as frequently inundate the cities and villages situated on the banks of western rivers.

Chicago is the seat of a large Book Concern interest, managed most admirably by William M. Doughty. The book sales have reached a high figure the past year. The North-Western Christian Advocate, published here, has just entered upon its third year with a circulation of some 12,000. To this depository also 5,000 of the Ladies' Repository are ordered. This interest is, no doubt, destined to grow in that direction.

*The Little Archers* presents one of those delightful phases of young life which all delight to contemplate.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Parts of some of the following articles possess excellence, but as a whole they will hardly answer our purpose: "Hope," "Life," "What is the World?" "The Harmony of Nature" has some good thoughts, but is rather florid, and is occasionally marred by defective imagery. What does the author think of "the sighing of the gentle zephyr, borne on the midnight breeze?" Can a "zephyr" be borne on a "breeze?" A brother has tried to poetize "On the Use of Tobacco,"

but it would not go; the muses lost all patience and broke out in a plain and denunciatory exhortation. "Wait" must wait. "To a Sister in Heaven" commanded the tribute of a tear, and we would encourage its author; but it will hardly answer for our pages. We quote the first stanza of "Our Ella is Dead:"

There's a vacant place in our household—  
A shadow around the home-hearth,  
And a saddened tone in the voices  
That lately rang out in mirth."

Our Ella is also dead; and though more than two years have passed since the shadow fell upon our home-hearth, it has been mellowed but not removed. The last object that greets our eye when we lie down at night and also when we rise at morning, is a picture looking down upon us from the wall, reminding us of Ella in heaven.

We clip the first stanza of lines, "To the Repository:"

"O merry and bright  
Is the dazling light  
That glids the monarch's dome;  
But brighter by far,  
And morrier, are  
The smiles that greet thee home."

"O Weary Heart!" has some fine stanzas, but in others the rhythm is defective. We clip what appears to us the least faulty stanza, and should be glad to hear from the author again:

"I mourn earth's severed ties—  
I mourn home's broken band;  
Valuntly I strive to pierce  
The shadowy, spirit-land."

NOTE TO FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It is impossible for the editor to "drop a line," or to "give suggestions," or "a few items of information" in many of the instances where it is desired. Our friends must, therefore, "take the will for the deed."

We can not be responsible for the return of communications except when the request accompanies the manuscript, and is itself accompanied with a post-office stamp.

Applications for "a set of books of which you are author" are quite numerous, and certainly they are complimentary. Many persons seem to imagine that an author not only makes "a heap of money" out of his books, but that he can give away as many as he chooses without cost. Nothing can be more absurd. It is the publishers, not the authors, as a general thing, that pocket the profit from books. Not unfrequently the author, who has toiled and drudged many a month, if not year, finds, in the end, that he, so far as pecuniary profits are concerned, might as well have devoted himself to "wood-sawing."

Many of our friends inquire, "When will you spend a Sabbath in our place and break to us the bread of life?" Some wonder that we do not "now and then steal away and spend a Sabbath out of the city." We should be glad to respond to all these calls in *propria persona*, but the thing is impossible. There are more than thirty places we should like to visit now, and, in fact, we feel under some obligation to do so. But we are not gifted with omnipresence; and, on the other hand, unipresence is not unfrequently an official necessity.

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—We sometimes take little liberties with our friends. Here is one who has oc-

casionally been peeping into our office for the past few years—always welcome with her bright eye, smiling countenance, and sparkling wit. We protest, however, that we never "scowl" on her approach; if, indeed, a scowl ever gets so far out of place as to shade our brow:

"Mr. Editor,—Don't scowl so; it's only 'me.' Now, if you are not utterly wearied with me and my little productions, here are some more of them, which you are at liberty to use as you please. I do not send them because I consider them worthy of your attention by any means; but it is something of a pleasure to see my rhymes in print. The fact is, it comes so natural for me to scribble that I often find myself poetizing before I know it. I presume you think if Providence has seen fit to afflict me with such a misfortune, I ought not, in conscience, to afflict others. However, that's not my opinion. I feel at perfect liberty to intrude upon you as often as I like. You know you are only an editor; and as such are bound to hear what every body says. But if you are tired of me you have only to intimate it, and I'm off for some other editor's sanctum."

Applications, like the following, have become so numerous that we are compelled in self-defense to answer: "Dear Sir,—You say it has been asked, Shall we have Alice Cary among your Literary Women of America? Well, allow me to say that many, very many of your subscribers are inquiring, Shall we have the Editor among the engravings? We hear about you, and see your writings, and we want to see you." "A subscriber whose name is Mary," and all others who have written us notes of similar import, will accept our thanks. But as for our portrait, it is "a gone case." An enterprising firm, one of the best in the country, undertook, at their own risk, to do us up on stone—not, verily, to "grind us to powder," but to imprint our image there. The work was done superbly; but, alas for the portrait! All our friends said, "Aha! what is that?" It was enough. We begged the artist to spare us, and from that time forward have despaired of immortality in that direction.

Here is a letter, not to the Editor, but to the Repository itself. The evil complained of, saith the editor, has come to an end:

*Dear Repository,*—It is just two years since I peeped between your leaves at neighbor T.'s, and espied, with many blushes, my first saucy little note to your Editor. Every month since I have seen, with almost envious eyes, your dear pages lying within post-office boxes, with every possible direction on their covers, except my own. Now, I want you this year, O so badly! But I look at my empty purse, and scanty wardrobe, and, alas! I find that for yet another year I must wait till all our neighbors have read you through and through, and then steal into their back doors—like a streak of moonshine in the daytime—to beg the "loan of the last number of the Ladies' Repository." Isn't it too bad? And not one of them care half as much about reading you as I do. Well, I wish you a most happy and prosperous new year. Many hearths will be gladdened by your presence, and your cheerful countenance will look up most invitingly from many a center-table; while our own little table at home must be content with the load it already bears. Heaven spare you many long years, dear Repository, and make you a blessed gift to your friends and patrons! And may your whole-souled Editor never lack for the society of warm friends or the music of loving voices!

SHARKBOARD FOR THE CHILDREN.—We are much indebted to our friends who now and then favor us with

the sayings and doings of the little ones. Many of these little items possess the power of interesting thousands. Here is a scrap worth preserving:

"Mr. Editor,—A little nephew of mine was terribly afflicted with the rash, occasioned by the heat last summer. One time, while scorched and burned by it, he suddenly jumped up, ran to the door, and raised his hands toward heaven, cried out, 'O, Lord, tear down your sky, and pull in your sun; it's so hot, I can't stand it any longer!'" S. C."

Somewhere we have fallen in with this little gem about the "forget-me-not."

"Grandmother," said little Gretchen, "why do you call this beautiful flower, blue as the sky, growing by this brook, a 'forget-me-not?'"

"My child," said the grandmother, "I accompanied once your father, who was going on a long journey, to this brook. He told me, when I saw this little flower, I must think of him; and so we have always called it the 'forget-me-not.'"

Said happy little Gretchen, "I have neither parents, nor sisters, nor friends, from whom I am parted. I do not know whom I can think of when I see the forget-me-not."

"I will tell you," said her grandmother, "some One of whom this flower may remind you—Him who made it. Every flower in the meadow says, 'Remember God;' every flower in the garden and the field says to us of its Creator, 'Forget-me-not.'"

*The Boy and the Echo.*—"A boy walking through a wood, happened to bark like a dog—an accomplishment which he had taken pains to acquire—and was surprised to hear an answer in his own tones.

"Doggy! doggy!" said he, and there was a quick reply of "doggy, doggy."

"Who are you?" called the boy.

"Who are you?" was the response. To the clear voice of the questioner, he replied,

"Why, George Thompson!" and this was repeated more than once, in such a mocking manner that he grew angry, and exclaimed,

"What a fool you are!" The echo responded,

"What a fool you are!" The little fellow ran home in a pet, telling his father how a boy had mocked and abused him in the wood. His father then explained the principle of the echo. Will our young readers ask their parents what an echo is?

*Cutting the Old Moon up to make Stars.*—"See the beautiful new moon," said a mother to her little daughter.

"The new moon, how beautiful! did God make it?" said the little girl.

"Yes, my child."

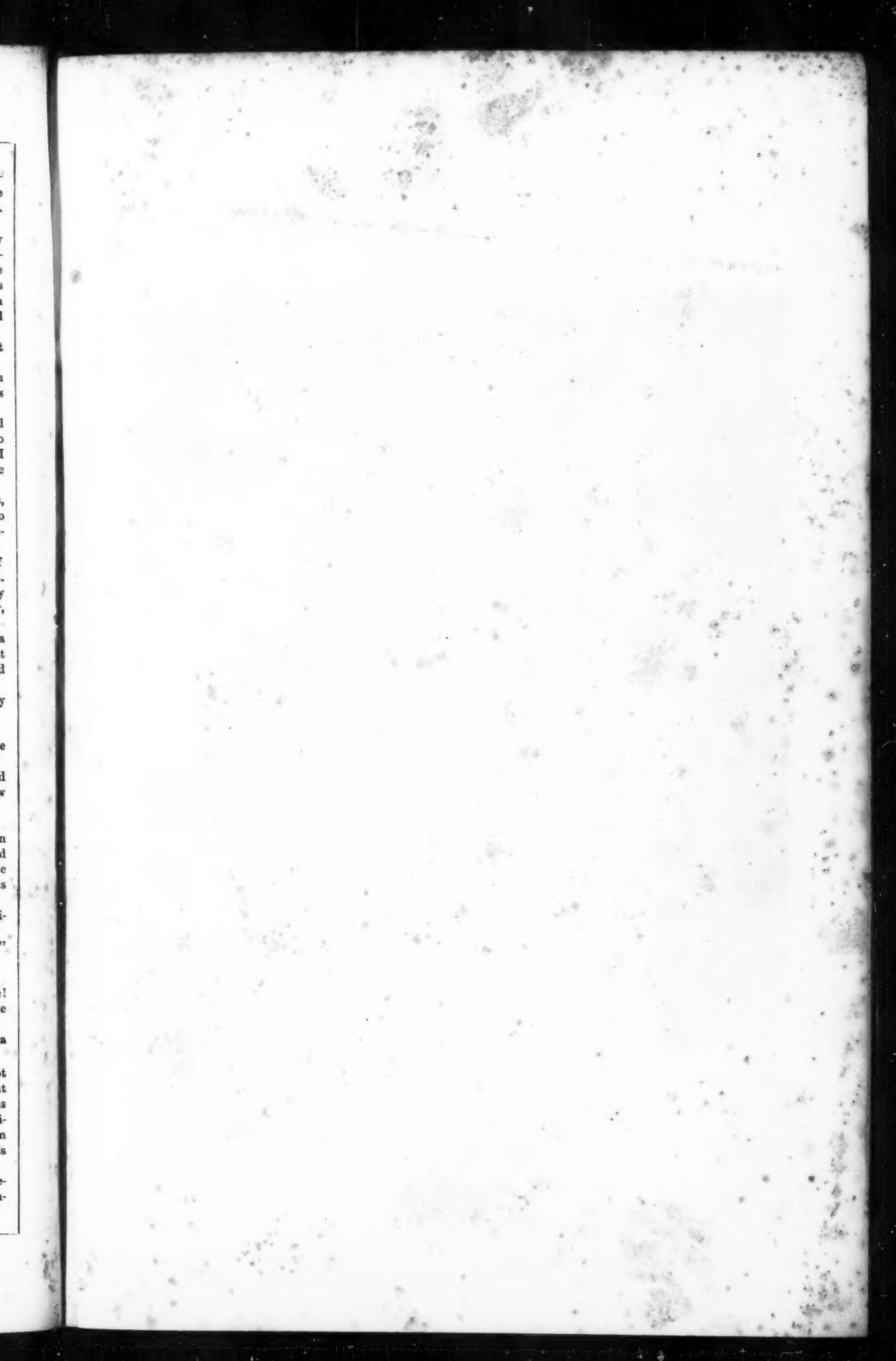
"Well, I wonder what he has done with the old one! I wonder if he didn't cut it up, and make stars out of the pieces?"

That child seemed to have the true economical idea that nothing should be wasted.

EDITORIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Editor can not find it in his heart to close the present number without grateful acknowledgment of the noble effort made by his brother ministers to extend the circulation of the Repository. Some of them have trebled, and many of them doubled their list of subscribers. Their kind words of encouragement are written upon our heart.

The Editor would also acknowledge sundry favors received from Stevenson & Owen, Agents of the Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.







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*Man & his Companion in Room*

